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THE SPHERE

Vol. CL No. 1960 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 14 1937

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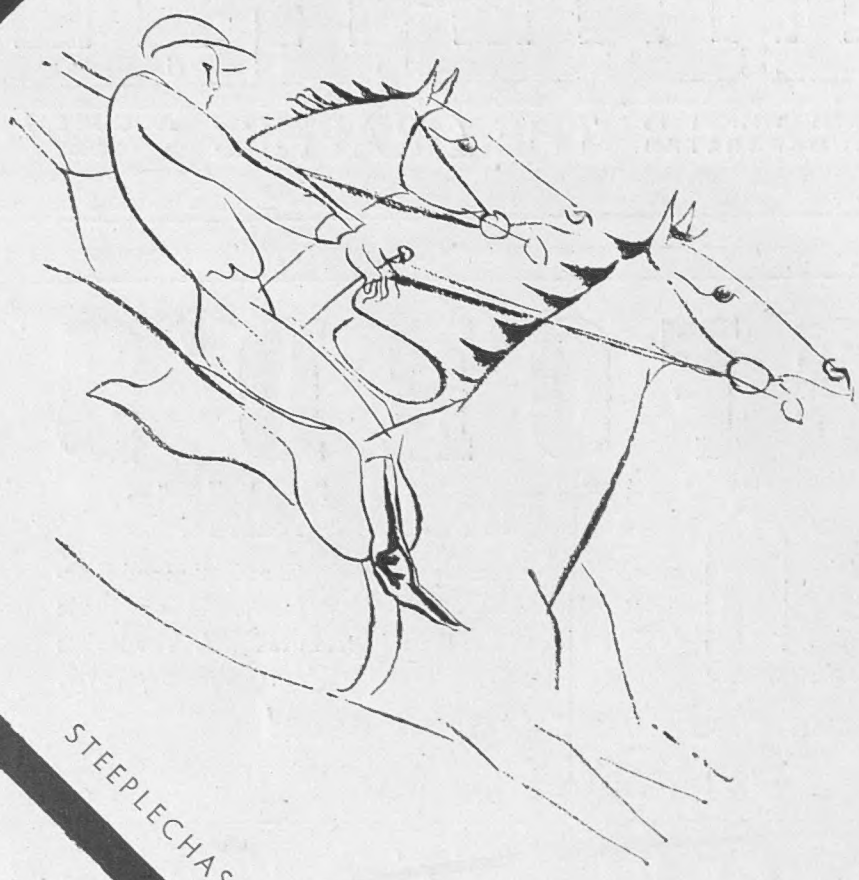

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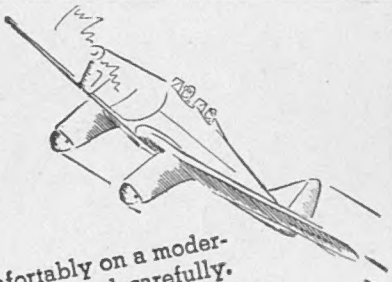

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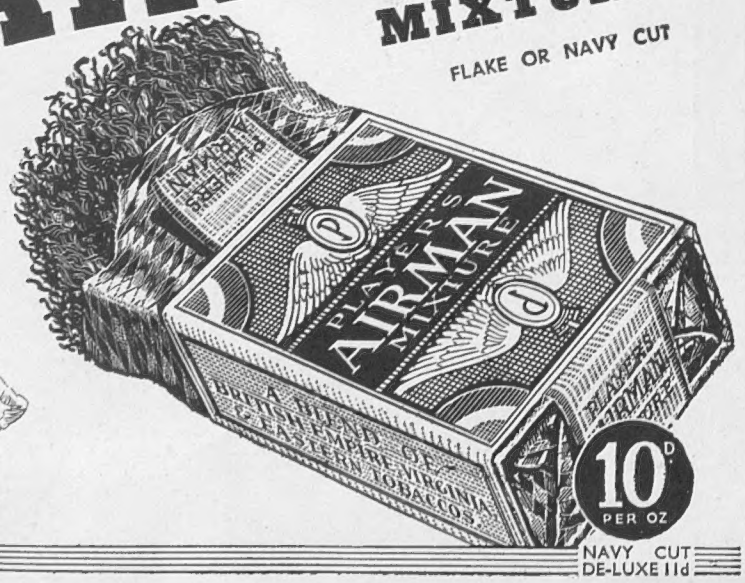

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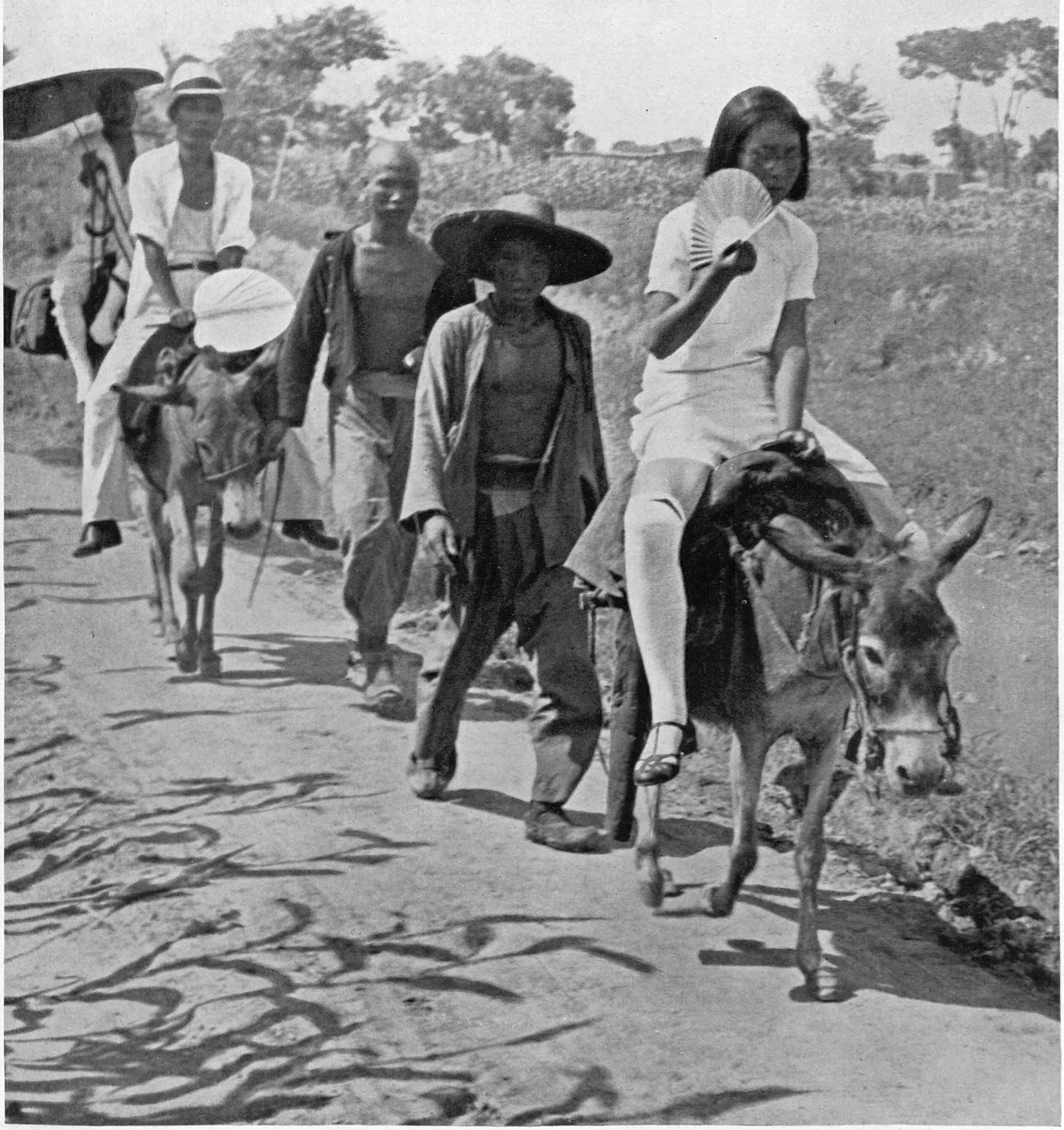
London, August 14, 1937



Flight from Peiping

A Party of Chinese Refugees Riding Through the Countryside After the Forbidden City had Fallen into Japanese Hands

Over a month has gone by since the Liukouchiao incident—during some realistic Japanese manœuvres—precipitated a Sino-Japanese crisis in the Far East, and, despite the fact that several hundreds of Japanese and several thousands of Chinese have lost their lives, there is no open war at the time of writing, though the situation remains tense. From the very start Peiping has been in the forefront of the news, and since July 29, when it was abandoned by the troops of the Nanking Government and some of its citizens fled (as depicted here), it has been in the hands of the Japanese. Last Sunday 4,000 reinforcements in full war equipment marched into the city, taking up their quarters in the "Temple of Heaven" barracks, with their coming the final vestige of Chinese authority disappearing from this place which had for so many hundreds of years been a centre of Chinese life and culture. Meanwhile the strength of the Japanese forces in North China has continued to grow, being estimated at 45,000, while just as significant has been the announcement of the abandonment by Japan of her concession at Hankow, numbers of civilians being evacuated and, in leaving, giving the impression "that the decks were being cleared for action"

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AFTER A TWENTY-NINE-YEAR SEARCH, this island site in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, has been secured for £75,000, the idea being to erect there a National Theatre. The announcement has started an immediate controversy, and Lord Lytton, the chairman of the National Theatre committee, has been subjected to a fire of criticism from members of the theatrical profession. Part of his defence of the scheme is printed below on left, side by side with the views of Mr. John Gielgud, while on page 270 of this issue "The Sphere's" dramatic critic gives his opinions

The National Theatre—Opposing Viewpoints

LORD LYTTON'S DEFENCE

"Many people are taking it for granted that a National Theatre is bound to be a failure," said Lord Lytton, Chairman of the Committee, in a recent interview. "But this, in my opinion, will happen only if the Committee is unable to carry out its task of selecting good plays and giving them first-class productions. . . . We are not anxious, as some of our detractors seem to suppose, to raise funds in order to foist unwanted entertainment on the public. We shall try to attract large and enthusiastic audiences. A play does not fulfil its function if it is performed to empty seats. . . . One of our objects must be to present a complete picture of British drama by reviving old plays. . . . And we must also put on modern plays to encourage the dramatic authors of to-day. The selection of plays is a highly speculative business, however, and the National Theatre, like other managements, must be in a position to back its judgment and meet possible losses. . . . Now for the site question. Someone has said that Kensington is as far away as Stratford. The reply to that is that the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford is always full. . . . South Kensington is a convenient traffic centre."

MR. GIELGUD'S CRITICISM

"I have always regarded the National Theatre as too vague a scheme to be taken seriously," said John Gielgud when asked his opinion. "But now that all that money, which has been lying idle so long, has at last been put to practical use, it would be churlish for an actor to crab a scheme which is bound to give a lot of work, create interest in the profession, and enhance its prestige. . . . I note that Lord Lytton proposes to supply the Old Vic with actors from the National Theatre. In my opinion it should be the other way round. . . . And where are the authors to whom, Lord Lytton hopes, the National Theatre will give encouragement? There are too few of them already. And what special inducement is to be given to playwrights to submit their work to the National Theatre (where plays, presumably, will only be given limited runs) rather than to other managements? . . . Lord Lytton instances the success of Stratford. But this is due to cheap prices and a huge tourist reputation. . . . To sum up, the difficulty of a National Theatre here is that the public are not interested in theatrical schemes, managements, or committees. They demand sensational theatrical fare attractively served up by expert and popular personalities."

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.

Wednesday, August 11, 1937.

A London

RAPPROCHEMENT WITH ITALY.

—One has gained the queer notion that all European diplomacy has become a children's game and that to it the ordinary standards of logic which obtain among grown men no longer apply. For some time we had been led to believe that bitter distrust and misunderstanding existed in the relations of Britain and Italy, constituting a serious menace to world peace and due in part to jealousy over the Mediterranean, in part to our attitude over the conquest of Abyssinia. As evidence of Italy's bitter feelings towards us, her broadcast policy of anti-British propaganda was frequently cited. That and other proofs persuaded us that "differences" were deep-seated. Lord Baldwin failed to remove them. At the back of his mind perhaps was the notion that a condition precedent must be a complete volte-face in acknowledging the Abyssinian conquest, an expedient peculiarly humiliating to British prestige or statesmanship. But Mr. Chamberlain had a bright idea—a little note. A personal letter of friendship to Mussolini from man to man. No sooner thought than carried out. The little notes were exchanged and we were asked to believe that the face of Europe was changed in a night; the misunderstanding was moonshine, the bitterness is wiped out. England and Italy fall into each other's arms. Do we live in a mad-house, or a nursery? Is it as simple as that? If the misunderstanding was moonshine, we lived in a mad-house. If real bitterness existed and has been eradicated by a dozen lines on notepaper, we live in a nursery. A great idea is always simple, but not so simple as that. Yet here is Count Ciano suddenly pooh-poohing the silly idea of any points of difference between us; confident that France cannot possibly be jealous of our flirtation with Italy or Germany of Italy's flirtation with us. In a word the little note (was it on half a sheet?) constitutes one of the greatest strides forward towards European peace. Nursery or mad-house? European diplomacy has surely been played in one or t'other in the last two years.

THE FILM PUZZLE.

—The whole system of Filmland grew like a mushroom in an August night. Its complications to-day are miles above the comprehension of the educated layman. Its evils are certainly apparent but not easy to locate at the source and the Government, faint yet pursuing, are trying to trim a tangled and somewhat poisonous growth which they watched with folded arms in its earlier stages of development. In order to help British films, the "quota" system encouraged the production for quota purposes of cheap and hurried twaddle of British origin—a poor expedient both as propaganda for British film merit and as an implement in trusteeship of national education and uplift. Examining that expedient in retrospect, can you beat it for blindness, for muddling, for inefficiency? Is the remedy now proposed in that obscure White Paper a sound one? It seems to me to suggest that the Government knows "the price of everything and the value of nothing." Fancy judging merit and taste in art or literature on a basis of £ s. d. That seems to play into the hands of Hollywood. A "million-dollar film" is unexceptionable. Why? Because it cost a million dollars to produce. Sir Gorgius Midas is a gentleman. Why? Because he is so rich. The Government's notion of good taste in British-produced films is measured by a simple yard-stick. Good taste can be assured at "a pound sterling a foot of film." A film produced at a minimum cost of £3 a foot or £22,000 in all is a "work of art" and "counts for two" for quota purposes. Can you beat it? Sir Percy Pushful's rock garden in Surrey (with company's water laid on everywhere in imitation cascades, with real and imitation flamingoes, rocks carted from Cheddar, and flood-lit caverns) is a work of Art. It cost £10,000 to make. But a little gem made with Nature's aid, by centuries of loving care, by the hands of garden-lovers of taste and experience, is beneath consideration. Keats left no money, Gilbert left a fortune. Ergo, Gilbert was the greater poet. Turner lived on his patrons' charity, but Poynter was made a baronet. Ergo, Poynter was the greater painter. . . . The industry and the Government are clearly-defined trustees of taste and decency and uplift in the matter of films made and shown. Neither hitherto has made a serious effort to carry out its trust. Each is guilty of gross "breaches of trust." Each works, shortsightedly and muddled, with a "million-dollar" yard-stick of taste. That White Paper is a Palsied Document.

TRIUMPH OF MR. MUDDLECOMBE.

—It looks as if the recommendations of the committee on metropolitan "police" courts will be given full weight. Such committees too often receive scant respect and waste time and public money. This committee proposes big changes for summary jurisdiction in London and first and last their findings are a triumph for poor old Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P. The paid magistrate is to be greatly assisted by lay magistrates, who will sit in the same building but not in the same courts to deal with the simpler offences. At present there are fourteen police courts in the area. These will be cut down to ten, but the fewer new courts will all be larger, with three or four tribunals each. The name "police court" will go and "magistrates' court" will take its place and so remove a vulgar (and quite unjustified) notion that the magistrate is there to believe the policeman. The new buildings will cost £500,000. Two paid magistrates will sit in each court each day and lay magistrates will deal with the simpler current business. It is a sound proposal to deal with the law's delays—due largely to ever increasing motoring offences. One

TRYING OUT THE NOXIOUS WEED: Matthew (George Hagan; second from left) goes a trifle pale as he takes his first pipe of tobacco, but Bobadil (Donald Wolfit; centre) declares "'tis most divine." An episode from Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, which when first produced in the sixteenth century surprised the public by portraying members of the cast smoking. The play was presented on August 6 at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, to commemorate the tercentenary of the author's death. The link between Jonson and Shakespeare was an important one, and there is a tradition that the latter read and recommended this comedy to the Lord Chamberlain, thus securing its production in 1598

Newsletter

beneficial result should be a gradual unification of penalties for the same types of offences which should soon spread over the provincial lay courts from the metropolitan lay courts in session side by side with the professionals. Mr. Muddlecombe raises his bald head and straightens his bent shoulders with pride and pleasure. He is *needed* and appreciated when all's said.

CIVILIANS AND FLYING.

—When did we first hear the confident prophecy that "a decade hence everyone who can afford a Rolls will be flying"? Certainly the cry was first heard two decades ago. I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of expensive cars are still on the roads of Britain, but I do know that there are to-day just about 550 owner-pilots in Britain! The aeroplane all this time has made wonderful advances in efficiency, in duration of flights, in heights, and range. Aeroplane clubs have multiplied, aerodromes scar the ground and render acres of residential

areas dangerous and intolerable to live in. And fewer than 600 people use private aeroplanes instead of a car or train. And there are 2,000,000 private motor vehicles plying the roads to-day. Nor, I think, does the aeroplane owner go from strength to strength. The 500 are always changing, not greatly increasing. They *return to the roads*. Why? I think the chief reasons are contained in the following:—Flying is still a risky, anxious business. Petrol is nasty stuff when you can't be sure of a quick getaway. Flyers are at the mercy of the weather, fog and mist being especially incalculable elements in these islands. Flying is still expensive. We have not (thank God!) yet got an aerodrome in every village and, even if we had, your pilot-owner would still require to keep or hire a car as well as his plane to get him and his luggage to his lodging for the night. In a word, owner-pilots are not increasing in number because, despite all progress made in aeroplane efficiency and the establishment of aerodromes, flying is still expensive, anxious, dangerous, and uncertain and demands very elaborate planning for the *completion* of a journey. The machines are not built for heavy luggage and are still but complementary transport for family moves. Nor do I think that the position will be greatly altered at the end of another decade.

LORD HORDER'S WISE-CRACKS.

—Lord Horder's claims to my respect are not alone the beauty of his gardens near Petersfield, nor his fine professional record. His views on the present-day slackness in the discipline of young people exactly correspond with my own. He believes that no young animal can be trained without discipline, and so do I. He thinks the present tendency to encourage the egocentric proclivities, rampant in all children, is storing up misery for the rising generation and disaster for the race of tomorrow. If indeed life were all jam; if indeed our modern progress had altered the inexorable rule that life is labour and doing-without and going-without and slogging on—how differently we might feel about the relaxation of discipline! But the rule is, and will remain, inexorable. Even when all have leisure to burn, even when they know a little about how to burn it wisely, still the bulk of waking life will demand character built up on discipline and the practice of bitterly-acquired philosophy and the power to slog on. What was wrong with the generation of Englishmen which went before us and made us great? Not their powers of endurance, not their self-discipline, not their courage, not broadly their vision. The curious fact is that, when we come to criticise them, we find them deficient chiefly in social and international unselfishness. They were too class-proud and class-selfish, too nation-proud. And here we are, encouraging the new generation to develop the very vice of selfishness which most we criticised in our ancestors. Our fathers had "character"; they learned to serve, they learned the virtue that lies in hard and dull work. They knew how to live and how to die in a hard world. It is no less hard to-day to live and to die, and Lord Horder believes (as I do) that these things cannot be done gracefully (or even tolerably) without constant discipline in youth.

USES OF DICTATORS.

—I have been trounced before for suggesting that standards of merit in art might be as unsubstantial as the non-existent gap or hedge which sheep jump when they follow one another. Of all Snobs, the biggest is the arbiter of taste in contemporary art and I think he is the King of Foolscap also. Thus, it is pleasant to sit back these hot days and to hear Hitler and Göring (with as much right as anyone else) say the sharp things about modern art which we would say if we dared, if we were not afraid of being called Philistines. About naked women like purple pineapples, or complicated figures from Euclid; about misshapen cripples and crétins, blue grass, green sky, demoniac cubes and triangular troglodytes. Not daring to raise our own voices, we listen with obvious satisfaction to the trouncing by the Dictator who fears neither ridicule nor damnation. But the difficulty of course is where to draw the ban-line? Hence the convulsion in art circles, hence also our doubts which still dilute our pleasure. You must be omniscient as well as brave to purge modern art. Once in a generation a genius is thrown up, once in a way a jewel is found on the dung heap.

LADY TREE.

—She was on the stage for half a century. She married Beerbohm Tree fifty-four years ago—in the year of her first stage appearance (in *Sweethearts*) at the age of nineteen. She played many parts; her best, no doubt, Lady Teazle. She had great experience, and was as competent as she was versatile. But I think her outstanding qualities were not so much dramatic as social. She had the kindest heart and a golden sense of humour, and both won for her friends innumerable, high and humble.

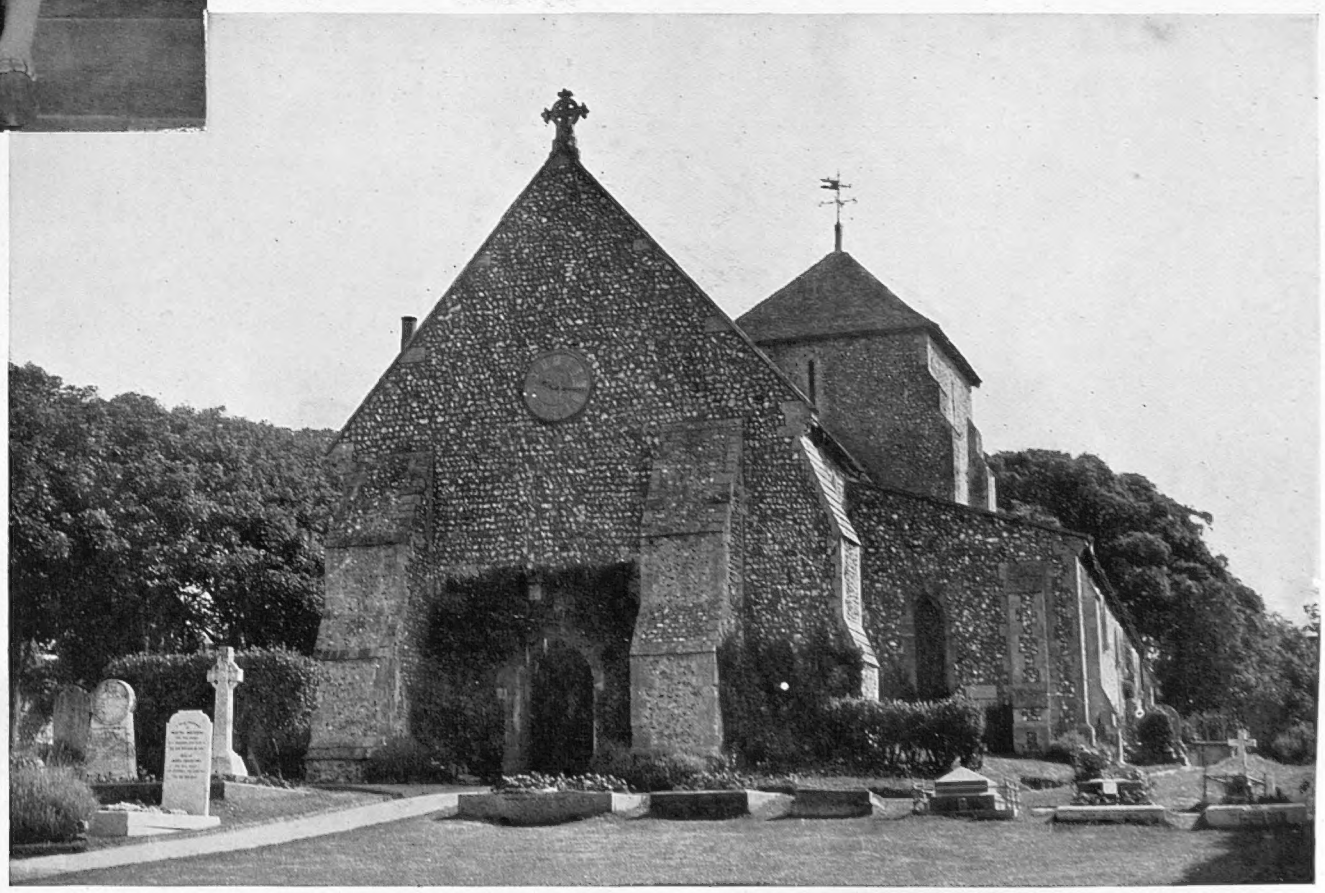
VAGARIES OF WEATHER.

—This heat wave came at a dangerous time for farmers and gardeners and those who live on heathlands. It came at the tail-end (?) of a big drought. This is what my tell-tale rain gauge shows: 22½ ins. rain fell in the first four months of 1937. May gave 2.35; June gave .98; July gave 1.17; August first week, nil. Thus the first four months gave 22½ ins.; the second four months (to date) only 4½. And that is a curious contrast, you will admit. It is critical now. The heathlands are ready to blaze up at a match flicker, or by the refraction of the sun's rays through a broken fragment of glass. The beans are falling off. Vegetables and flowers generally wilting. Azaleas are withered. Crops thirst for rain. Lawns are brown as an Indian compound and all soil is either white sand or concrete clay. Oddly enough, this August heat-wave provided the only warm night of the year in West Sussex.

WILL THEY BELIEVE?

—I reckon myself—as age is reckoned now—a still young-middle-aged man. Yet to my children I begin to see I must appear as a Rip Van Winkle from a dead civilisation. For when I begin to tell them of the fashions and customs of my youth, they already display a tendency—not too tactful or polite—to pin "liar" to my coat-tails. Here are some of the things which the rising generation will crave leave to disbelieve as *current* between 1900 and 1920: (1) When I first swam unobtrusively into the firmament of London Society, it was my usual habit on Sunday afternoons to pay formal calls on the mothers of my girl friends, and to take into their drawing-rooms with me (and put under my chair) my top hat and gloves; (2) When the Duchess of Sutherland gave a reception at Stafford House (now for twenty-five years the London Museum) or some other big hostess at some other London palace, the majority of the male guests carried opera hats under their arms as they ascended the stairs; (3) When I travelled by train, footwarmers, long flat receptacles, were still to be had from the porter, and spiked candle-holders for sticking into the upholstery of the carriage, and charcoal hand warmers for the pocket were still on sale in London shops and in use; (4) Ladies in London would devote entire afternoons to driving round Mayfair and Belgravia—hiring, if needs must, a victoria and a footman for the ritual—solemnly ringing the bells of scores of houses of people little- or well-known to them and discharging visiting cards—one for wife and two for husband—at every door, often opened by a butler and two footmen in knee breeches; (5) And—to come down to modern times—during the Great War soldiers thought it neither comic nor unworthy to sew a gold bar along their sleeve to signify each occasion on which they bled for their country, and indeed viewed with jealous rivalry the numerically superior bar-holder. These five points are trivial and inconsequent. But they are significant as showing how swiftly fashion and sentiment change.

THE OLD STAGER

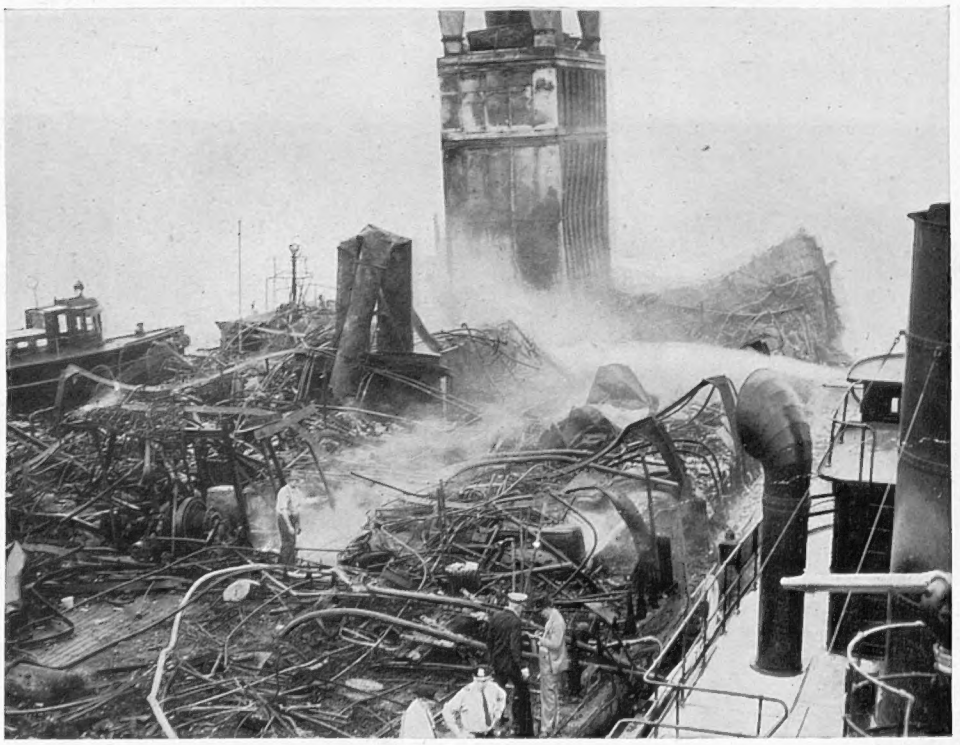


AMERICA HONOURS THE APOSTLE OF IMPERIALISM: St. Margaret's Church, Rottingdean, Sussex, where Rudyard Kipling used to attend divine service, is to be copied in practically every detail and the replica is to be set up as a memorial to Kipling in a park at Glendale, Southern California. The vicar of Rottingdean has received a visit from the American architect who has been placed in charge of the work and has given permission for all the necessary measurements to be taken

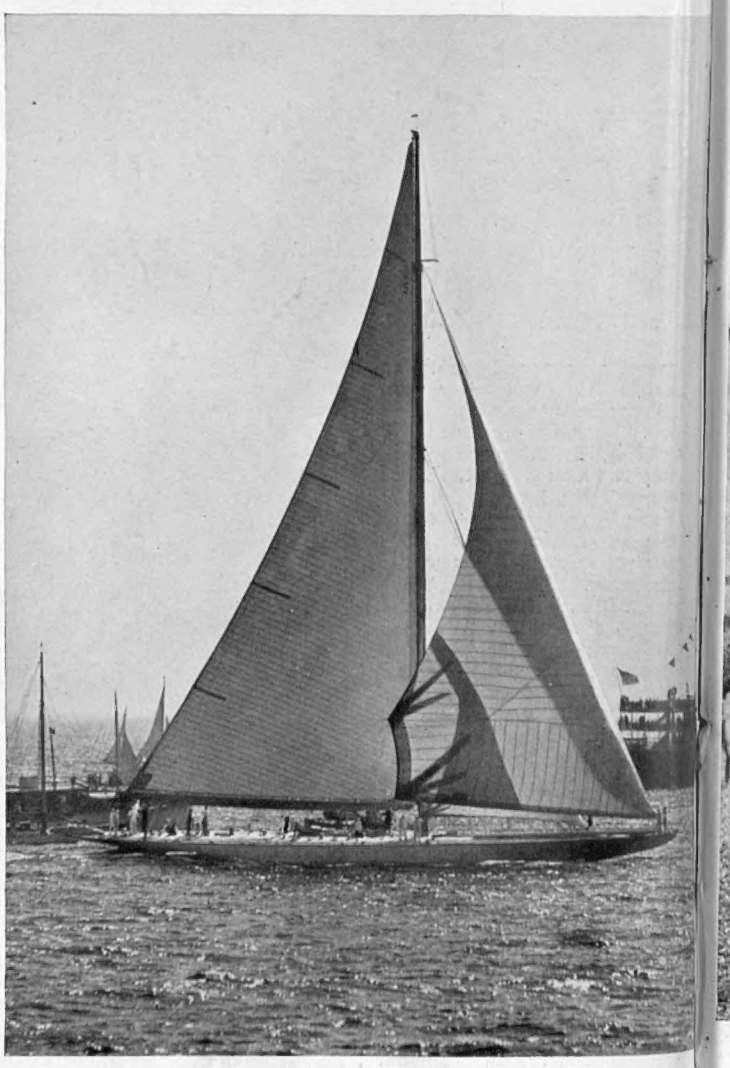
HEADLINED NEWS:

PREPARING FOR LONDON'S LARGEST PEACE-TIME AIR RAID: Fitting bombs on to a Gordon plane of the 35th Bombing Squadron before taking off from Worthy Down on last Monday's great air attack on the metropolis. The mimic war—the most elaborate ever held in the air in this country—was designed to test the city's anti-aircraft defences, and altogether 176 light, medium, and heavy bombers were pitted against 19 fighter squadrons of 222 machines

DEFENDERS OF THE CAPITAL Pilots of "Gladiator" planes of No. 54 Fighter Squadron running to their machines on receiving word to take off from Hornchurch, Essex, at the start of this week's mimic war over London. It was their job to intercept the bombers as they swooped down on the city, and it was reckoned by the umpires that they had the best of the argument



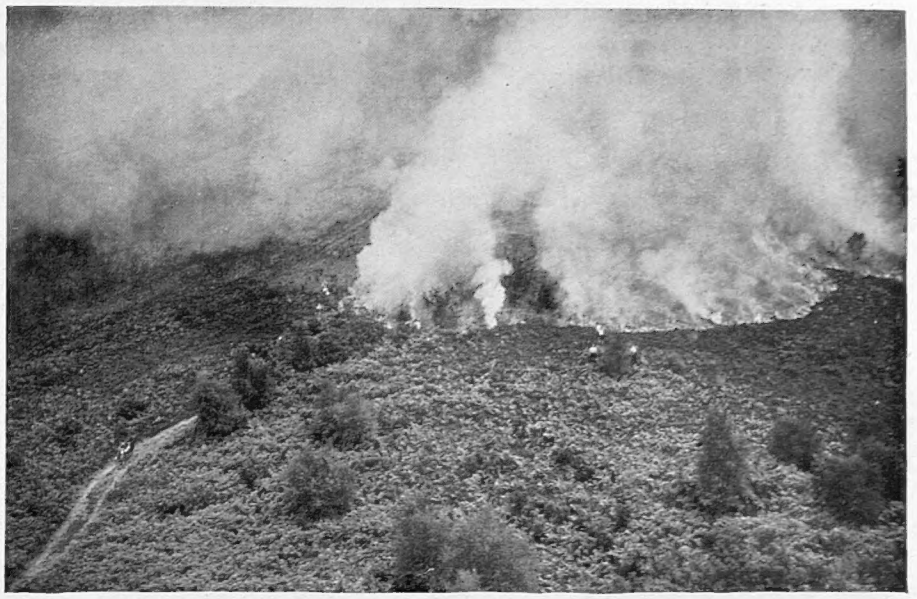
AFTERMATH OF A NIGHT OF TERROR: The smouldering superstructure of the American liner *City of Baltimore* after she had caught fire in Chesapeake Bay as she was proceeding from Baltimore to Norfolk, Virginia. Of the 100 passengers, only two were killed and five were injured despite the fact that within a few moments of the outbreak the vessel was blazing from stem to stern



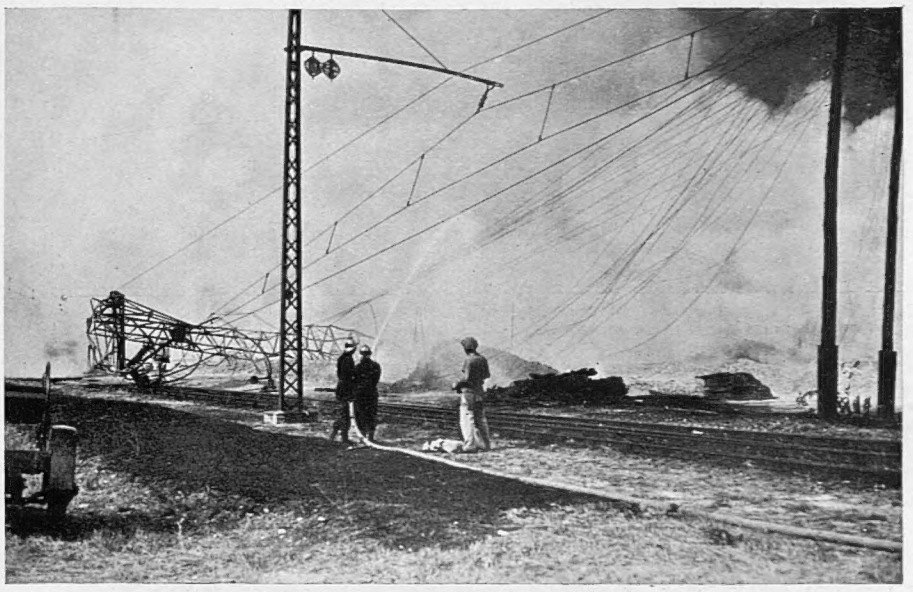
COMING HOME ALONE: The successful America's Cup defender, *Ranger*, passing the finishing line after inflicting a heavy defeat on *Endeavour II*. *Ranger*, though no more ably handled, was with her tank-tested hull design and remarkable double-clewed Genoa jib (pictured here in use) infinitely the better yacht and indeed something of a phenomeno

"Endeavour's" Crushing Defeats by "Ranger" in America's Cup: Mimic War Over London: High Temperatures Cause Fires at Home and Abroad: Territorials in Training

MR. SOPWITH'S ILL-FATED AMERICA'S CUP BID: *Endeavour II* leading *Ranger* over the starting line off Newport, Rhode Island, at the beginning of the second of the four races between the rival yachts, all of which resulted in decisive victories for the American defender which clearly outsailed the British challenger in the light airs, winning on one occasion by an 18½ minute margin—a really crushing blow for the British boat



THE GREAT SURREY HEATH FIRE: A pall of smoke rising near the Devil's Punchbowl—the famous beauty spot at Hindhead—as beaters strove to keep the flames in check. The fire occurred at the height of the heat wave when the countryside was parched after many rainless days and the dropping of a lighted cigarette was quite sufficient to start a large-scale blaze. There have been several big fires in this district of recent years

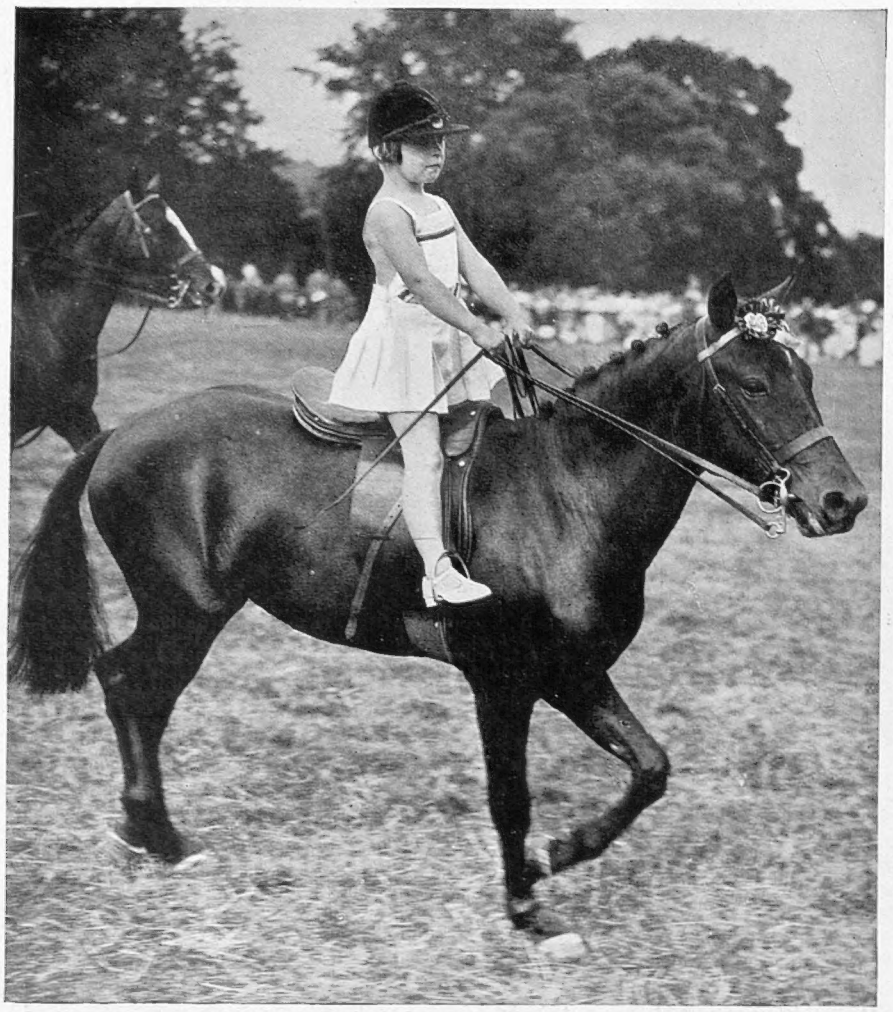


TROOPS WERE CALLED OUT from Mont de Marsan, Pau, Tarbes, and Bordeaux to fight this fire which began in a factory at Ychoux, in the Landes region of France, and threatened to spread to the railway station and important petrol and turpentine dumps. The blaze started when the temperature was 104 deg. in the shade, and many other outbreaks of a lesser nature were reported throughout the district, some spreading rapidly by reason of the wooded nature of the country. There were also fires in the Seine et Oise Department

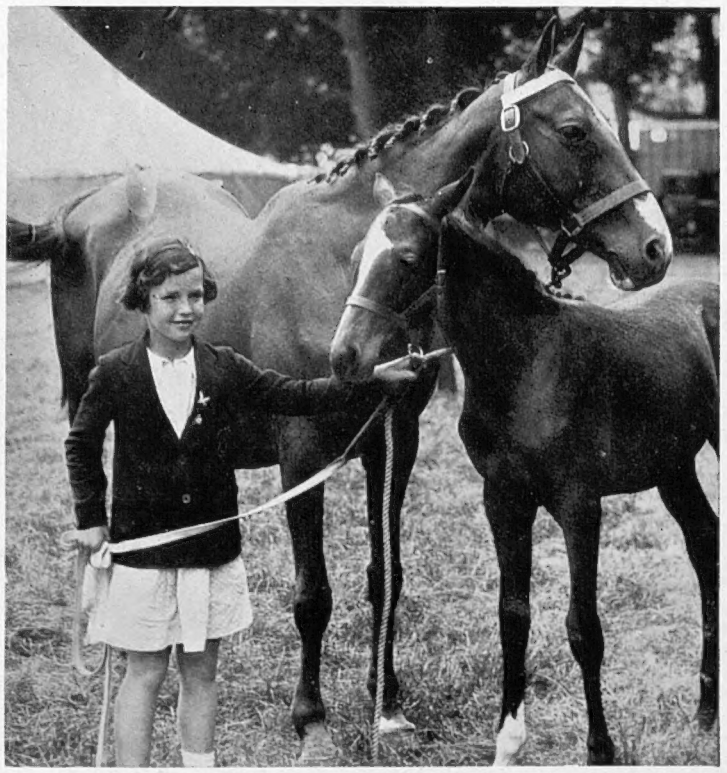
TERRITORIALS HAVE A MUSICAL BATHING PARADE: Led by their band, men of the 4th Battalion Queen's Royal Regiment, who have been in camp at Falmer, marched down to the beach last Saturday morning and, after stripping and with the band still playing, marched into the sea. The territorial army camping season is now just past its zenith. Last week-end some fifty units from the London district and the Eastern and Southern Commands returned home after a fortnight of intensive work in the field while this week-end about twenty-seven more units are due back, others, however, are going to take their places. Many of the territorials are, thanks to the generosity and public-spiritedness of their employers, enjoying a double holiday this year, one being spent with the colours and one with their families

BIT *and* BRIDLE

The Horse Show Season Now in Full Swing



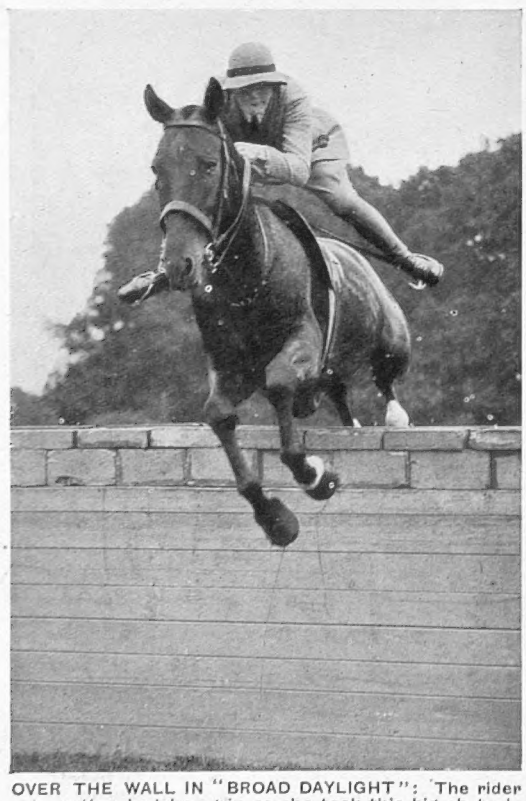
WITH HER CHEST THROWN OUT five-year-old Anne Davies parades her pony "Here am I" after winning third prize in the Best Child Rider section at the Horse Show held at Arundel Park, Sussex, seat of the Duke of Norfolk. The Duchess of Norfolk, who is a very keen horsewoman, attended Brighton races to present the Harry Preston Cup on the afternoon of the Show but returned in time to take part in the musical chairs



AN AINTREE HEROINE AND HER OFFSPRING: "Mellerays Belle," that good mare which was placed in the Grand National a few years back and in her time put up some good performances over park courses, pictured with her foal at the Tring Horse Show where she was one of the big attractions. Over 13,700 visitors attended the show this year

AN EARLY START: Captain Maurice Kingscote, one of the joint masters of the Meynell, leading the pack when fording a stream during a morning's exercise in preparation for the cubbing and the hunting season proper

PERSONALITIES AT BALLSBRIDGE: *Left*—Lady Ainsworth with her sister, Miss Hope-Johnstone, and (*right*) the Marchioness of Waterford were among the notabilities at the Dublin Horse Show, Ireland's premier social and sporting event, which was held last week in ideal weather

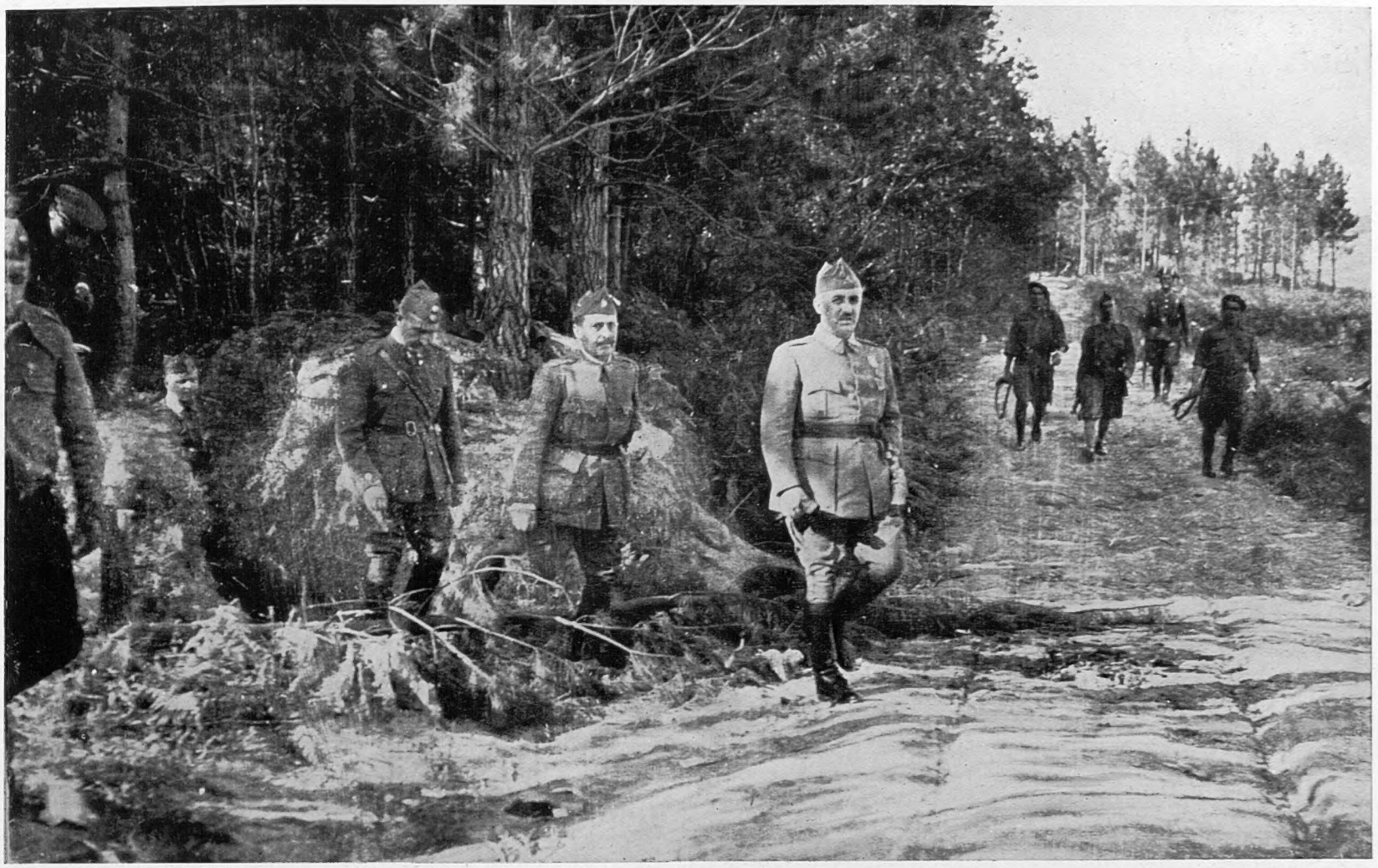


OVER THE WALL IN "BROAD DAYLIGHT": The rider rather lost her grip as she took this big obstacle in the jumping competition at Tring Horse Show, but her mount is going over in fine style.

THE INTER-HUNT PARADE, STAR TURN OF DUBLIN'S HORSE SHOW: Hounds from the Ballymacad pack, which hails from Meath's famous bank and stone wall country, leading the fifteen other Irish hunts during the picturesque circuit of the arena at Ballsbridge prior to the inter-hunt jumping event, always a keenly contested affair in which Irish horsemanship is seen at its best

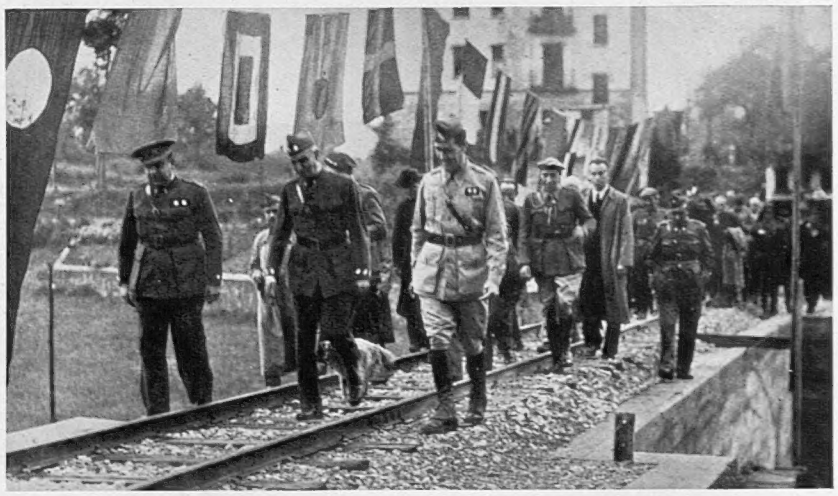
SPAIN'S CIVIL WAR in the FIRST MONTH of its SECOND YEAR

General Franco on the Madrid Front—Reconstruction Behind the Lines After Rebel Conquests

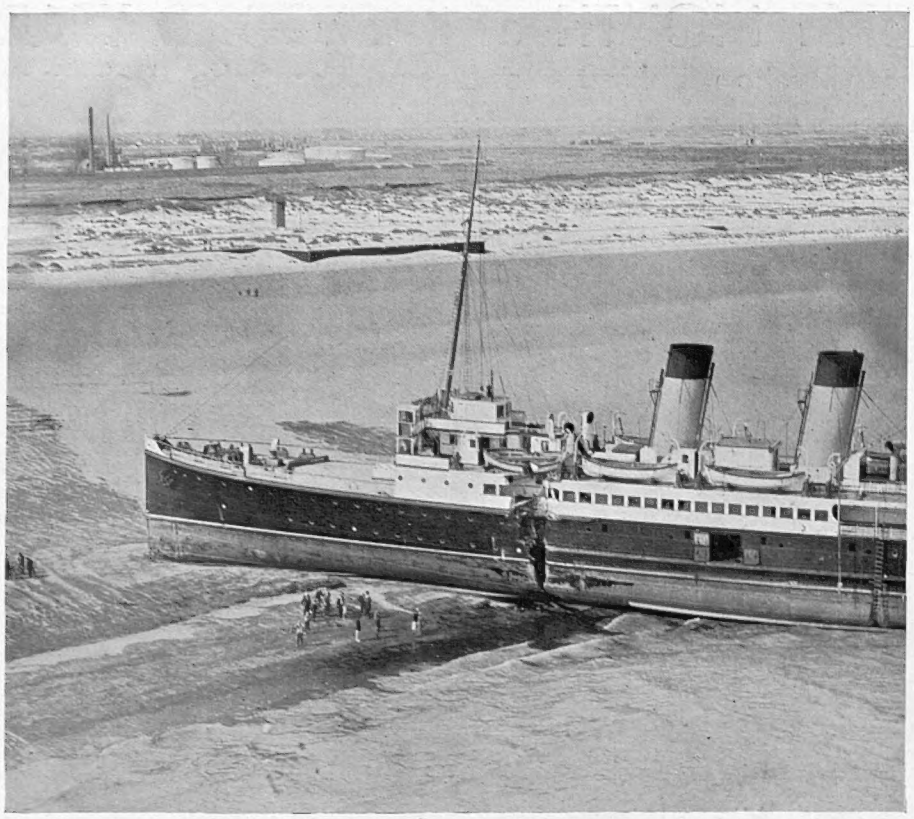


THE REBEL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TOURS THE LINES: General Franco emerging from a wood during an inspection of the insurgent positions on the Madrid front where for some time past he has been personally directing operations. Last week there was furious fighting in this region, attack and counter-attack following each other in quick succession, but later, when a heat-wave intervened and the thermometer was registering over 100 in the shade, there was a distinct lull in the battle. Tanks were almost completely immobilised by conditions as their crews were unable to bear the intense heat

GENERAL VARELA HONOURED BY CADIZ: The distinguished rebel commander being presented during a recent visit to Southern Spain with a framed and illuminated document granting him the freedom of the city. The General has played a big part in the war, and, among other things, will always be remembered for his relief of the beleaguered garrison at the Alcazar, Toledo



SPAIN IN RECONSTRUCTION: Rebel leaders walking across one of the re-built railway bridges linking Bilbao and San Sebastian after its ceremonial re-opening a few days ago as depicted below. Work of this nature is going on throughout the rebel-held territory and every effort is being made to restore these regions to normality



DISASTER *on the Sea*

DISASTER *in the Air*

The Belgian Channel steamer *Princess Marie José* (*left*) beached in the outer harbour at Dunkirk after being split open amidships in a collision in a mist with the British cargo vessel *Clan Macneill*. If the ship had not been grounded she would probably have sunk and many of her 709 holidaymaker passengers would doubtless have lost their lives. As it was, four English women were trapped in the wreckage and badly injured. *Right*—The remains of the Italian military plane which crashed last week near Draguignan in the Var Department in south-eastern France

A Lesson of the Spanish War

Abortive Aircraft Attacks on Shipping Reassure Those British Critics Who Feared the Navy's Vulnerability

THERE are curious features about the bombing near Algiers of the British ship *British Corporal*, the Italian *Mongioia*, the French *Djebel Amour* and the Greek *K. Ktistakis* the other day by aircraft of doubtful nationality that make a brief examination of the circumstances worthwhile.

Each of these steamers was, in turn, assailed by bombing aircraft which apparently failed to carry out their mission of destruction to a quite incredible degree. Although the machines remained overhead for as much as half an hour (one of the ships reported that they were circling above them for an hour), and although a considerable number of bombs were dropped, only one direct hit was registered. The only casualty occurred in the *Mongioia* which did not in fact suffer a direct hit. Her captain succumbed to injuries received from the splinter of a bomb which fell into the water some ten yards away. The *Djebel Amour* reported having been sprayed by machine-gun bullets, of which 150 hit the decks but the crew escaped.

The captain of the *British Corporal* has stated that he was awakened by a huge explosion. Rushing up on deck he saw three large bombers making attack after attack on his ship. As it was a tanker laden with inflammable fuel he ordered his crew to take to the boats. These boatloads were then subjected to machine-gun fire but fortunately no casualties were suffered.

The explosion that awoke the captain was caused by a bomb falling close to the ship. So close did this and subsequent bombs drop that large pieces of them were to be seen on deck where they had been flung.

A Dutch Non-Intervention observer who was on board the *Mongioia* also testified to the shock of a bomb falling close to the ship. In his case, however, material damage was done. He himself was thrown across the deck and the wireless was put temporarily out of action.

Why was it that these modern bombing machines, with no anti-aircraft opposition whatever to disturb them, failed so dismally to score direct hits?

At first sight that seems a difficult question to answer. It appears inconceivable that bombing from the air has not yet reached that pitch of accuracy which is necessary for a modern machine to hit a defenceless steamer steaming at not more than 10 knots. It could fly over the vessel at a height of as low as 50 ft. with impunity when surely a miss would be next to impossible.

Though it might appear to be impossible recent experience tends to show with conviction that it is very far from impossible. And here is that experience.

Although some forty ships have been attacked by bombing aircraft since the commencement of the Spanish war thirteen months ago, and although in the last ten months only the most modern warplanes have been used, not a single reliable report has been received of a hit being registered on a steamer under way with the exception of the one last week. All those that have been struck by bombs have been at anchor.

All those attacks made on ships in the open sea have been unsuccessful. Can it therefore be doubted that moving ships are not the easy prey to hostile aircraft that one thought, at any rate, to the extent that has been popularly believed?

The experience of the *British Corporal* and the *Mongioia* has shown that men exposed on the upper deck of a ship are liable to be hit from fragments of bombs that fall close to a ship. Armour piercing bombs are not likely to expose them even to this danger for they explode at too great a depth, but on the other hand they can damage the plates of a vessel if they fall within ten yards or so of it. Anti-aircraft gun crews can therefore suffer casualties from other bombs even though their ship does not suffer a direct hit. At least, that is based on the experience of bombers attacking defenceless ships such as the *British Corporal* and *Mongioia*.

If they attack warships or armed merchant vessels they cannot of course expect the ideal conditions that have favoured them near Spain in the last twelve months. They will be kept at a distance and the effect of their bombing will suffer accordingly. This is not even taking into account the disturbing reactions on the morale of the attacking pilots caused by bursting shell all around them.

It is confidently believed by naval technicians that the extremely effective new Pom-Pom, with which our warships are now armed and which fires a 2-lb. explosive shell at a rate of hundreds a minute, will prevent any aircraft getting within 1,000 yards. The possibility of an advance raid designed to obliterate the exposed anti-aircraft gun crews being made successfully so as to leave the air safe for the main raid shortly after is therefore extremely remote. The high-altitude guns crews, though they are inevitably exposed on deck to enable freedom of action, will in this way be insured protection from such a preliminary raid, and the bombers will be forced to fly high. Shrapnel bombs, machine-guns, and phosphorous bombs (which incidentally come under the same restrictive category as liquid fire and gas), will be therefore of little use against armed ships, because the opportunity to use them effectively will be denied the raiders on account of the Pom-Poms.

The confidence expressed by naval experts in the invulnerability of battleships from air attack has always been a bone of contention between them and the protagonists of the air arm. However, it must now be admitted that the poor results obtained by modern warplanes in the last year with their many attacks on defenceless ships in the open sea lends much support to the opinions of these naval technicians who, let it be remembered, refer to ships bristling with the latest anti-aircraft armament.

Nigel Tangye

Self-defence and the Merchant Navy

AN island nation dependent upon overseas communications for the greater part of its food and raw materials must depend upon sea power for its existence. So much is universally recognised. The fact that sea power involves more than a navy is, however, often lost sight of. The existence of the British Empire depends primarily upon the merchant navy — the ships which carry the food and raw materials. The grey ships of the Royal Navy are a secondary, though important, adjunct of sea power, for their first preoccupation must be to ensure the safe passage of the seaways to the merchant ships.

Given a navy of unlimited size opposed to insignificant armed forces, the merchant ships might be able to rely implicitly upon naval protection. The last two decades, however, have carried out a levelling process with regard to naval armaments, so that to-day no navy is in a position to guarantee safety to the mercantile marine of its country. This is more true of the British Empire than of any other nation because of its widely scattered commitments.

Thus it has become one of the main principles of Imperial Defence that the mercantile marine should, so far as possible, be able to defend itself against a marauding enemy without naval assistance. Some months ago, when rearmament took the place of altruism, a large sum of money was voted for the supply of guns and other defensive material suitable for use in merchant ships in the event of war. During the past months large stocks of defensive material have been built up, and the time has now come to ensure that the personnel of the mercantile marine is familiar with the use of the weapons and with the peculiar requirements of war time.

There have been many conversations between the Admiralty and representatives of the shipowners' and the officers' associations of the merchant navy. As a result a scheme of instructional courses for mercantile marine officers has been devised. The courses, which are open to all masters and navigating officers, are to be held in the first place at London, Liverpool, Southampton, Glasgow, the Tyne, Cardiff and Hull, and are to be condensed into five working days so as to cause a minimum of interference with the normal duties of the officers concerned.

The first of the courses in London is to begin on August 31. The instruction in these courses will include lectures and demonstrations on the general principle of trade defence devised by the Admiralty, after long consideration of the lessons of the past and close co-operation with the shipowners and with the knowledge of the naval forces likely to be available for the protection of trade in any conceivable circumstances. These principles will, of course, contain instructions on sailing in convoy.

To increase in this way the capacity for self-defence of merchant ships and mercantile marine personnel is to reduce the commitments of the Royal Navy and therefore to provide automatic increase in the essential strength of the vital sea-links of the Empire.

Kenneth Edwards

Royalty Takes a Well-Earned Rest

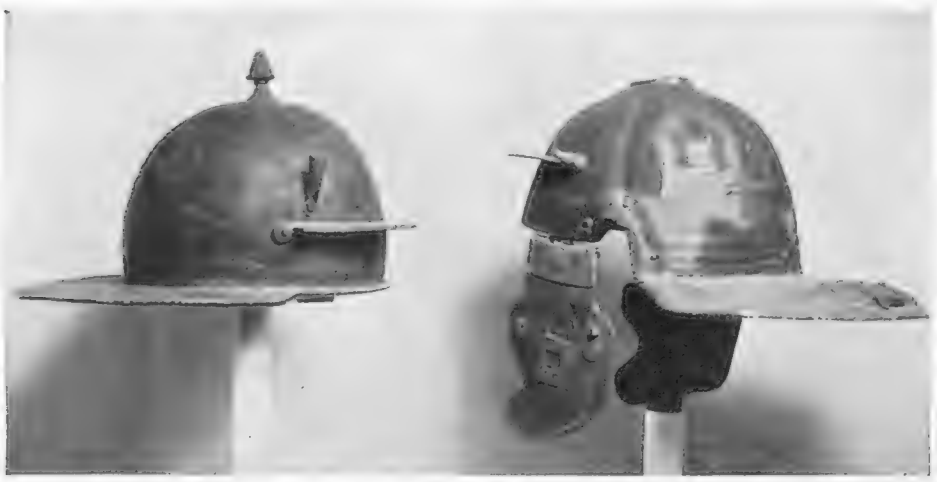
THE KING AND QUEEN RECEIVED AT BALLATER: Their Majesties pictured with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret on arrival by car at the little Deeside town before continuing on the last 7½ miles of their journey to Balmoral, where they are now in residence for six weeks or more, enjoying a welcome respite after a spring and summer of intense activity. On reaching the castle they were taken through the gates in an open landau—dating from the days of Queen Victoria—drawn by sixty-eight of the estate workers. During the journey north the King changed into the kilt and plaid of the now familiar Balmoral tartan

THE KING VISITS SOUTHWOLD: His Majesty, wearing shorts and open neck shirt, posing for a picture with the camp executives and some of the boys when he spent a day at the famous holiday camp where 200 youths from public schools and 200 from industrial concerns were under canvas together. His Majesty made the greater part of the journey there by plane, this being the first flight of his reign

QUEEN MARY AT EASTNOR CASTLE where she recently went to stay as the guest of Lord Somers, the Deputy Chief Scout, and Lady Somers. Her Majesty is pictured with four young members of the house party. The two boys are the sons of Lord Apsley, the little girl on left is the grand-daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and on the right is Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, daughter of Lord Somers

A PAIR-HORSE CARRIAGE OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE: Evidence of the existence of such a vehicle in Roman days is provided by this frieze from Klagenfurt, which is to be among the loan exhibits at the exhibition in Rome to mark the bi-millenary of the birth of Augustus

THE APOTHEOSIS OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR AT RAVENNA: This panel in high relief, representing the Emperor's attainment of divine privileges, is another of the interesting exhibits which will be on view next month in Rome. It comes from the Archæological Museum, Ravenna, and included among the figures are Julius Caesar, Augustus and Claudius. *Below*—Two Roman helmets unearthed in Germany, that on the right bearing a representation of a shrine



On left—VINICULTURE UNDER THE ROMANS is represented in the design on the side of this sarcophagus from the church of Santa Maria della Piazza

The BI-MILLENARY *of* AUGUSTUS CAESAR'S BIRTH

To be Celebrated by an Important Exhibition Starting in Rome on September 23, 1937 — Anno XV

ON September 23, there will be opened in Rome an exhibition to commemorate the bi-millenary of the birth of Augustus Caesar in B.C. 63. It promises to be of extreme interest to all students of Roman history. The celebration is being taken well in hand as regards the matter of time, as the actual date of commemoration is September, 1938, as Sig. G. O. Giglioli, professor of classical archæology, points out in the preliminary leaflet which has already been published. In it, the professor very clearly expounds what Roma or Rome—he uses the spellings alternately—intends to show the visitor in this Augustan Exhibition (*Mostra Augustea della Romanità*), the official title, which the July number of *Italia*, brilliantly illustrated and written in four languages, translates "Augustan Exhibition of Romanity," coining a new word useful to the occasion.

"Romanità"—it is a beautiful word and will more than convey its meaning when the visitor paces the galleries on the three floors of the Exhibition Palace in the Via Nazionale.

Exhibits, we are informed, will be grouped according to subject, in order that each room may contain everything relating to a given aspect of Roman life, irrespective of its provenance. Thanks to the co-operation of directors of museums and State collections, both Italian and foreign, as well as the owners of private collections, no less than 3,000 plaster casts, 200 reconstructions, countless photographs, drawings, and copies of paintings and mosaics, will be on view.

"The greatness of Roma," comments Professor Giglioli, "did not lie only in her military force or political action, but also in the liberal spirit in which she held out a hand to the vanquished peoples inviting them to share the life of the Empire. The exhibition, therefore, will throw light on the social as well as the purely historical aspect of the Roman age. The exhibition will also show how, under the present regime, Roma is resuming its mission of peace and civilisation. In honour of Augustus, the Romans of to-day are bridging the centuries in order to revive the memory of the great debt of gratitude which all the peoples of the ancient empire owed to Roma.

"The best tribute that could be paid to both Caesar and Augustus was to bring together whatever evidence of Roman civilisation could be found in any part of the world, this vast collection of priceless material thus contributing to create round them a framework of unparalleled historical and scientific interest.

"The expansion of Roma will be carefully illustrated in its most momentous phases; the Age of the Augustan Peace which prepared the way, as it were, for the advent of Christianity; the resistance offered by Roma to the barbarian invaders; and the establishment of the Church in the first centuries."

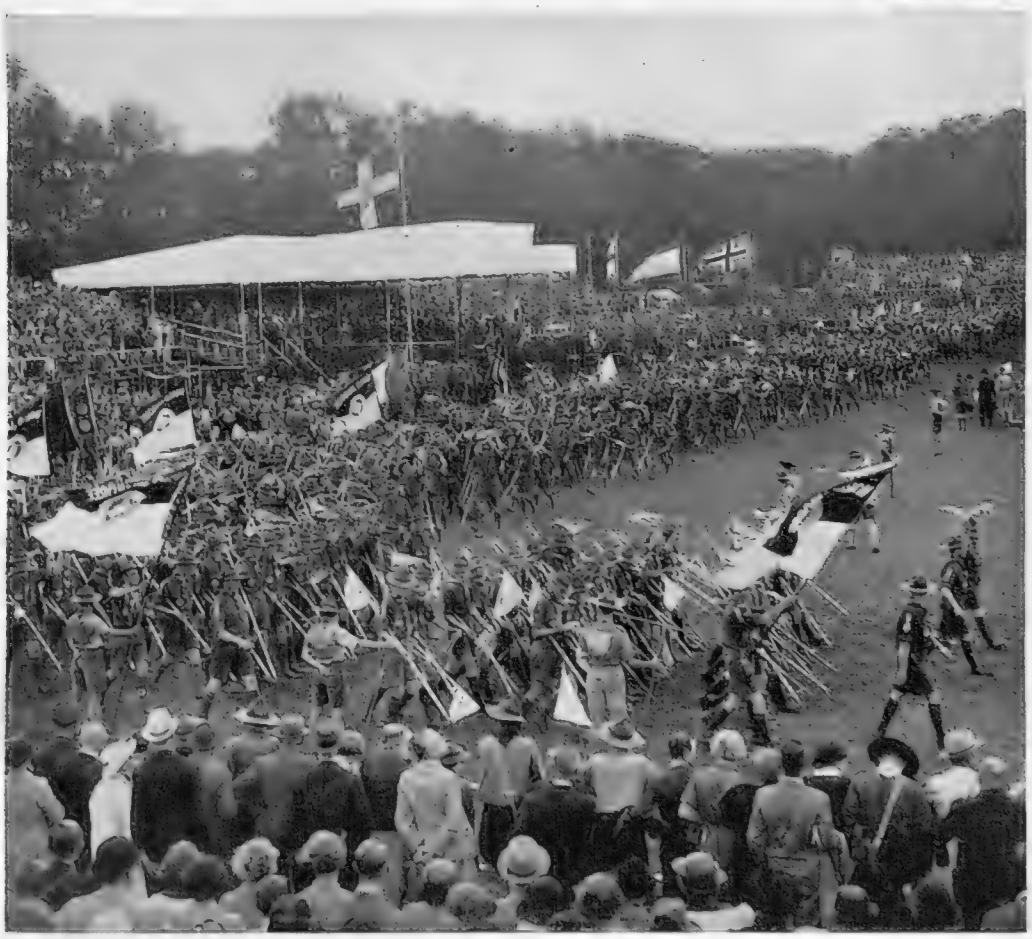
AN AUGUSTAN CENTURION: This fine relief comes from Colchester, one of the more important military centres during the occupation of Britain

EUROPEAN SURVEY

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN POLAND: Their Royal Highnesses walking through the streets of Warsaw during their visit. Their Continental motoring holiday is taking them through Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, and in the course of their tour they will be paying visits to the Duchess's sisters, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia and Countess Toerring, who has her home in Munich

THE MODERN EUMENIDES: The R.A.F. "Hawker Furies" showing their paces at the Zurich international flying meeting where they recently gave a highly spectacular and successful display of air drill before a gathering representative of every country in Europe except Russia. The British machines had to perform in poor weather, but came off with flying colours

MISTRESS OF ENGINELESS FLIGHT: Fraulein Hama Reitsch with the glider in which she gave a daring aerobatic display at the Fourth International Air Meeting at Zurich



SCOUTS OF THE WORLD FORGATHER: The march past of the colours of thirty-one nations at the great Jamboree held at Vogelenzang, Holland, and attended by some 28,000 boys drawn from all corners of the globe. The gathering has been an immense success, and has been visited twice by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who on the second occasion was received by the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell. At the same time Lord Somers, the Deputy Chief Scout for Great Britain, presented Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands with the wedding present of a silver tankard

THE END OF A CAUSE CELEBRE: Madame Magda Fontanges with her lawyer after hearing the verdict in her trial for the attempted murder of the Comte de Chambrun, the former French Ambassador in Rome, whom she had shot and severely wounded as he was stepping out of a train at the Gare du Nord, Paris, afterwards declaring that she had been urged thereto by the fact that the Count had "destroyed the great love of her life." She was sentenced to one year's imprisonment—to be suspended during good behaviour—and fined one hundred francs (less than £1)

THE SINO - JAPANESE

The Twenty-ninth Route Army Finally Abandons the

MARTIAL LAW IN PEIPING: Chinese troops on guard at one of the gates to prevent the entrance or exit of all without proper papers during the last hectic days before the city was abandoned by the Nanking Government forces, and occupied by the Japanese. *Below*—The effects of Japanese shells on the gates of Wanpinghsien before the Chinese met the enemy's demands that they should evacuate the place

DEFENDERS OF THE OLD IMPERIAL CITY: Engineers of the 29th Route Army erecting barricades at a strategic point in Peiping in readiness for the arrival of the

REPORTING ON THE PEIPING FRONT: Foreign newspapermen starting out on a walk to the scene of action during the early days of the present trouble. Looming in the background is a section of the forbidden city's massive fortifications

A NEW chapter of an old story has opened more dramatically than earlier chapters because Peiping, the ancient, beautiful capital of China, has fallen; more dramatic, too, and more portentous for the world because China, stronger now, resists invasion, while the shadow of Soviet Russia hovers over the East.

Disclaiming territorial ambitions, Japan is pushing the frontiers of the "demilitarised zone" in Hopei Province farther south and west, while the demilitarised zone of 1933 is already occupied by 10,000 Japanese troops.

The Tangku Truce, which would appear to forbid such movements, has never been officially recognised by the Chinese Government, nor have its terms ever been made public. Said to have been signed in May, 1933, by General Minto of the Japanese Kwangtung (mainland) army and "representatives" of General Ho Yin-ching, Chinese Minister of War, this truce resulted in the demilitarised zone which two years later in November, 1935, became the East Hopei Autonomy.

This zone, in the shape of a triangle, embraces 5,000 sq. miles of territory in the north-eastern corner of Hopei Province, and a corner of Chahar. Its northern boundary is the Great Wall, its eastern the sea, while a line almost parallel to the Peiping–Tientsin railway marks its western

CLASH ROUND PEIPING

City after Brief Fighting in the Vicinity of the Marco Polo Bridge

Japanese who launched their attack towards the end of July and entered the once powerful capital on the 29th when it was abandoned by the forces of the Nanking Government who retired to Paotingfu

PREPARING FOR JAPAN'S BIG PUSH: Men of China's 29th Route Army filling sandbags for use in erecting barricades in the streets of Peiping. There was no prolonged struggle in the city, however, but one big clash occurred when ten lorries containing Japanese troops were attacked with hand grenades, twenty being killed and a large number injured in the ensuing struggle

A SCENE OF CONFLICT: Chinese sandbags piled high in the carriageway of the Marco Polo bridge, near Wanpinghsien, where there was some stern fighting between the rival forces. In the distance can be seen the much bombarded gate of Wanpinghsien. *Below*—Newspaper correspondents watching snipers in action from a point of comparative safety behind a section of Marco Polo bridge

border from Yenching (Chahar), through Shunyi, Tunchow, Paoti, and Lutai.

Japan had demanded this demilitarised zone as a buffer between China's military forces and the Province of Jehol which she had annexed to Manchukuo earlier that year.

Peiping and Tientsin were not included in the zone, and within these cities China continued to maintain garrisons, while Japan kept there the military guards for her Embassy, allowed by the Boxer Protocol. According to the terms of the Truce the demilitarised zone was policed by 9,000 Chinese under the supervision of a committee approved by Japan. The chairman of this committee, which was called "The East Hopei Anti-Communist Council," was Mr. Yin Ju-keng, a Chinese educated in Japan and married to a Japanese woman.

During 1934 Japan was occupied in placing an emperor on the throne of Manchukuo and no further action was taken in North China. But by 1935, enough "incidents" had occurred to prove that the demilitarised buffer state was no sufficient guarantee of "peace along the Great Wall," which Japan declared was all she wanted in North China.

China's troops in Tientsin were said to endanger this peace and the Chinese General Yu Hsueh-chung was forced to remove his Tientsin garrison to Paoting, 100 miles farther west. This move in May, 1935 meant also the transference of the Hopei provincial government to Paoting. It left the Tientsin-Peiping railway clear of Chinese Government soldiery almost to the gates of Peiping.

But the incident did not end here, General Yu Hsueh-chung's presence even at Paoting was objected to. General Yu wired to Nanking, offering his resignation as an aid to peace. A few days later

(*Continued on page* 280)

AUGUST

IN SEARCH OF THE "GASEROSTEUS ACULEATUF," in other words the stickleback, or in even plainer language, the common tiddler. Young anglers examining their catches during a morning's fishing in the waters of Clapham Common pond. A holidaytime scene in one of London's great open spaces

THE CHIMP DOES HIS BIT: Helping to clear up some of the rubbish left by visitors to London Zoo. *On left*—80 deg. in the shade in the Embankment gardens

CHARMED CIRCLE: Youngsters surrounding the instrumentalists during a performance at the Tower by the City of London's British Legion band

"IT'S NICE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE" but the Hyde Park Lido is the next best thing when it's 80 in the shade, pavements are hot to the tread, and hardly a breath of air is going. During the past ten days the Serpentine has been thronged, schoolchildren on holiday swelling the crowd to almost capacity proportions. It is a great place for sunbathing, too, though the concrete verge covered only by a thin tarpaulin is lacking somewhat in comfort by seaside standards. There are few irksome restrictions there

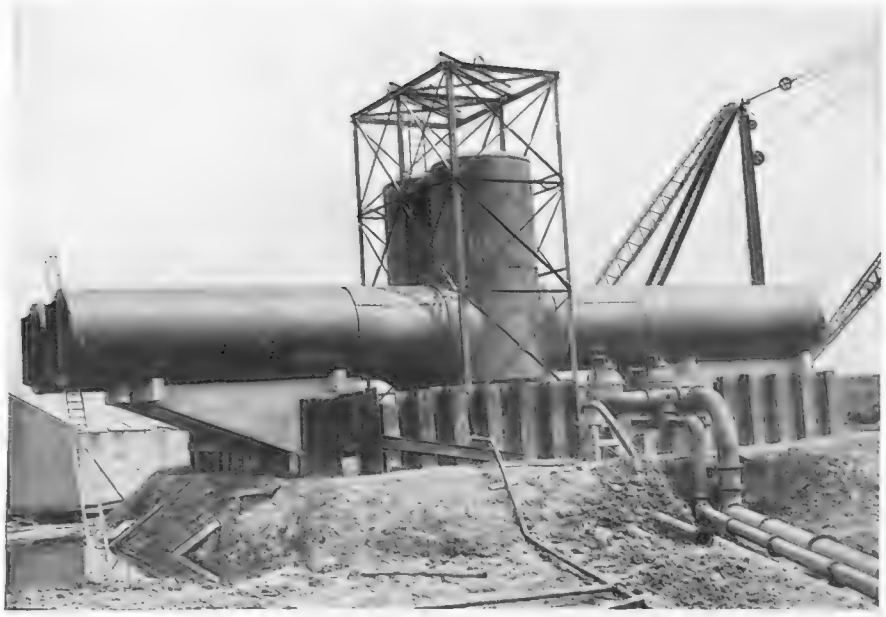
BACK TO NORMALITY: The grass is once again in evidence and the gladioli are blooming profusely outside Buckingham Palace, where all evidence has at last been removed of the Coronation stands that transformed the site earlier in the year

IN LONDON

ROADMENDERS TAKE CHARGE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: This time of the year, when so many people are away on holiday and traffic is supposed to reach its lowest ebb, is practically always chosen for large-scale roadmending operations. In this instance the whole of the east side of the square is up, presenting an extraordinary appearance

On right—LONDON UP: Workmen plying their picks in Trafalgar Square when taking up the road for repairs on the east side. It is a hot job in August weather, but it has to be done now before the holiday crowds return

= MECHANICAL =

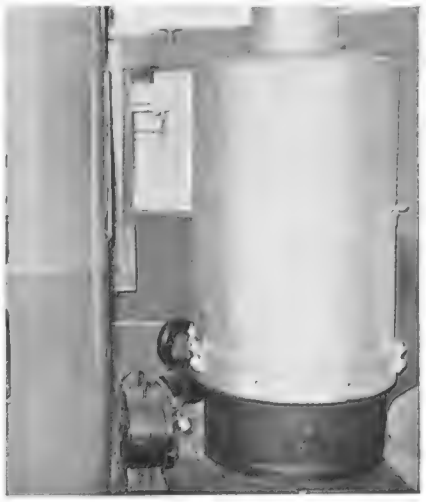


PROGRESS OF THE GREAT THAMES TUNNEL: The set of air locks being put up on the Kent shore at Dartford during the early stages of the work of driving the new roadway beneath the river. The locks will be used in order to enable the men to adjust themselves to the very different air pressure conditions they will encounter below ground

FLOOD PREVENTION WORKS IN KENT: Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Agriculture, opening the new tidal sluices at the Allington Locks in the River Medway, two miles below Maidstone Bridge. These sluices form part of a twelve-year scheme for alleviating floods in the Medway Valley

THE G.W.R.'S LATEST INNOVATION: *Above*—A close up of the warning horns fitted to the Company's new rail-car (*right*) which has recently been put into service and represents a big advance on any coach of its kind yet put into service in this country. It is driven by two A.E.C. oil engines of 130 h.p. each and has sufficient power to draw a trailer. The horns are at present being used experimentally, the idea being to find which note gives the most easily heard warning of approach

AT HOME ON ROAD AND RAILROAD: This Canadian National Railway unit is fitted with two sets of wheels, one for travelling on the permanent way and the other for the highway. It can thus operate over a wide area of country providing a service to hitherto isolated towns and townships. The freight car at the back can act as a trailer or move under its own power



"UNE AUTOMOTRICE AU CHARBON DE BOIS": *Left*—This new French rail-car, driven by producer gas obtained from charcoal, has just been put into service in Paris and is doubtless proving itself economical in running. *Right*—The apparatus which feeds the producer gas to the internal combustion engine driving the car. The method has also been tried for road vehicles

Rail-Cars Have Come to Stay

THE increasing competition which the railways have in recent years suffered from the greatly-improved road services for passenger traffic has forced railway companies all over the world to produce something more suitable than the conventional type of train hitherto used to meet the new conditions. The need for reduced running costs, as well as more flexibility to meet the varied demands, has resulted in the extensive adoption of rail-cars in all the leading countries, especially America, Germany, France, and Italy, as well as in Britain.

By this means a single rail-car, with sometimes an additional coach, will handle much of the traffic, and at the same time enable more frequent and faster services to be provided, especially in the cases of branch lines and local traffic.

While the rail-car bodies are more or less similar in type and design to each other, and streamlined to reduce wind resistance as well as appeal to the public's demand for speed, several systems of power unit are used. The Diesel type of internal combustion engine, using oil, has been the most popular of these; the fuel consumption costs are less than for petrol, and recent designs of these engines have greatly improved them for this work.

Where coal, petrol or oil are dear, or not easily obtainable, other systems have been tried. One of the latest of these has been the use of an internal combustion engine driven by producer gas obtained from charcoal, a method which has also been tried for road vehicles. A new rail-car with power derived in this way is just being put into service in Paris. The fuel item in the running costs may show very low figures, as well as avoiding the use of imported fuel.

Among the developments in this country, the Great Western Railway Company put into service a month or two ago the latest product of their several years' experience of rail-cars. This one known as No. 18—has two A.E.C. oil engines of 130 h.p. each, mounted one on either side of the chassis, and driving respectively the front and rear bogies. The transmission is through a fluid fly-wheel and pre-selective epicyclic gears giving five speeds, with a final drive by double reduction and reverse gears to the main axles of the bogies. The controls are arranged in duplicate so that the car may be driven from either end.

This rail-car is powerful enough to haul a trailer load up to 60 tons. The trailer may be a coach for additional passengers, or one for parcels and light goods.

There are now well over 3,000 modern rail-cars scattered over the world, mostly driven by oil engines, and speeds of from 65 to 75 m.p.h. attained.

Edwin H. Judd

SELECT CIRCLE: Leading members of the Radio City Corps de Ballet rehearsing on the new recreation roof of Radio City Music Hall during New York's heat wave when the city was sweltering under the year's peak temperatures. *On left*—Taking a rest after some strenuous minutes of rehearsing. *Right*—A delightful study of Alice Young, one of the leaders of this fine ballet

BALLET

Rehearsal on a New York

ROOF TOP

c

In REMOTER CHINA

"THE SLEEPING BRIDGE" spanning a dried-up river-bed outside the western gate of Lanchow, the industrial centre of

THE RARE BEAUTY OF LOTUS PEAK: One of the strikingly lovely spurs of the sacred mountain of Hwashan, so named because the rock designs at the summit are reminiscent of the scattered petals of a lotus flower. China has five sacred mountains, each individual in character

ANCIENT BRIDGE ARCHITECTURE IN SHENSI: This massive structure has for centuries past carried the road between Shienyung and Sian across the wide and sluggish waters of

SUNSET ON THE LI RIVER: A scene near Kweiling, Chekiang Province, dubbed by the Chinese as "the most beautiful spot under heaven." The jagged peaks in the distance, which rise so abruptly and unexpectedly from the plain, are clearly of volcanic origin, this accounting for their strikingly irregular formation. Most of them are between 1,000 and 1,500 ft. in height and similar examples are to be found in many parts of this maritime province

JUST AS IN MARCO POLO'S DAY: Thi over the Li River at Kweiling in Chekiang typical of the old China and differs but little fron when the great Venetian traveller passed throug

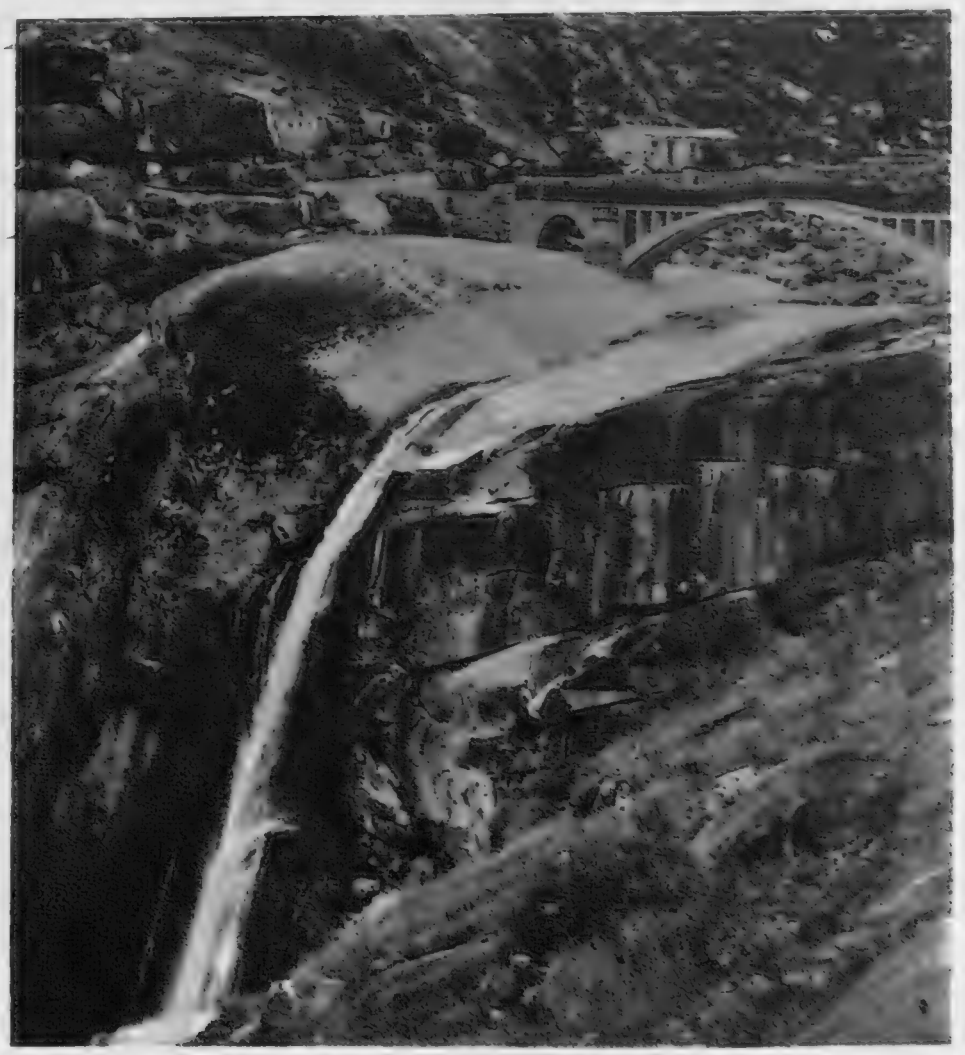
NA: Natural and Man-made Wonders of a Land that is Once Again a Centre of World News

far-western China. The city, which completely fills a contraction of a valley, has long been known for its cannon foundries

the Feng river. It is about two thirds of a mile long, with a gateway at each end, and is supported on a number of circular columns. There is little or no balustrading beside the carriageway

IN THE WILDERNESS OF NORTHERN SHANSI: Small temples such as this, standing on narrow arches spanning the mule cart tracks, are frequently to be seen in this region of North China near the Inner Mongolian border. The soil here is loess, a porous deposit ever liable to crumble

Y: This boat bridge Chekiang Province is ttle from those in use d through the country



On right—LIKE A SILVERY BELT the Black Dragon waterfall plunges down a 100 ft. cliff on the slopes of Tai-Shan, the sacred mountain in Shantung Province. In the distance is a modern cantilever bridge

RANEE and her QUADS

One of Whipsnade's Star Attractions this Summer

WHIPSNADE'S TIGER QUADS ARE GROWING UP: Ranee keeps watch over her four sturdy children — now nearly twelve weeks old—as they desport themselves within their spacious enclosure at the Bedfordshire open air zoo. Tigresses do not as a rule breed successfully in captivity, but Ranee has been an exception and for several years past has produced a family, the latest being her largest to date. *Above on left*—A close-up of one of the cubs

On left—
SULTRY DAYS: Ranee, the Whipsnade tigress, dozes beside the pool while her youngsters play around her. They have great games on the raft

"WHOOPS A DAISY": She may look a bit grotesque as she stands in the shallow waters of the lake; but just see her as she swims—a creature of infinite grace

DAPHNE THE DUIKER: This youngster—the first of the species to be born in London zoo—is a very shy customer and is so nervous of the people passing before the cage she shares with her mother that she sleeps under her "bed" instead of on it. When this picture was taken she was less than a month old

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Scouts, Sea Scouts, and Now

AIR SCOUTS

Plymouth's Pioneer Troop, which will Probably be the Forerunner of Many Others in this Country

IN THE VAN OF PROGRESS: The Plymouth Air Scout troop on parade at the airport before receiving a lesson in practical aeronautics. The troop, which was organised by Mr. G. P. S. Hill and is under his command, at present includes only about a dozen boys, but there is every indication that it will grow and already a similar organisation has sprung up in Liverpool

On right—LEARNING THE ROPES: A member of Plymouth's new Air Scout troop—the first to be formed in this country—climbing the control tower at Plymouth airport during an instructional visit. The boys are intensely enthusiastic and, although not allowed to fly as yet, are making progress in acquiring a sound knowledge of ground work

LEARNING TO HANDLE A PLANE: *Above*—Two of Plymouth's Air Scouts receiving instruction in the use of the controls and (*right*) engaged in swinging a machine round on the concrete runway in preparation for a take-off by the pilot who is seen standing in the background. By this sort of ground work the boys very soon get to understand aerodrome routine and elementary aeronautical theory, thus helping to fit themselves for the time when they will be able to take the air

FURTHER PHASES OF GROUND TRAINING: *Left*—Manning the fire engine which is always on hand in case of emergencies, ready to rush to the scene of a crash at the aerodrome to quench the flames before they have gained a hold. *Right*—An instructor explaining to Air Scouts the intricacies of the aero engine

ROMANCE IN THE AIR: When Sonja Henie, former world skating champion and now a screen starlet, arrived in London last week there were persistent rumours of a forthcoming engagement, her name being linked with Tyrone Power, one of Hollywood's most promising young actors

A MOROCCAN PRINCESS ON HOLIDAY: Little Lalla Aicha, daughter of the Sultan, pictured at Monte Carlo where she has been staying with her father for the summer season

PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHICHIBU IN SWITZERLAND: The brother and sister-in-law of the Emperor of Japan, who came over to England earlier in the year as the representatives of their country at the Coronation, out walking near Grindelwald where they recently went for a short stay

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Salzburg And All That: Count Ferdinand Czernin's Light-hearted Work

IT is all very well the Editor giving me an armful of books, sitting at his desk, giving an imitation of a man being awfully busy, and of all times in August Bank Holiday week, when every schoolboy knows he ought to be sitting on a rock in a Cornish cove pretending to be human like the rest of us. Sub-human, I call it, never taking a holiday. Or if he does there is somebody just as busy in his place.

And what books! Surely this is the month in which, with the late Mr. William Wordsworth, to

See the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Writers of letters to the newspapers may lament the lack of adequate teaching of American history in English schools, but English publishers seem determined that novel readers shall not miss a point of the American civil war. Others seem every bit as concerned with the Spanish ditto. Others again are anxious that we shall know all about the life and death of American gangsters.

"Please don't fly into a temper if on your arrival you find that you have not, after all, got any rooms. Remember, this is Salzburg in festival time. The manager will surely be able to fix up a bathroom or at least reserve you a seat in the lounge for the first night or so." An amusing illustration from "This Salzburg"

Do you, dear reader, away upon your care-free holiday, want to know about them just yet? Thank you. I thought not. Let these masterpieces of far-away conflict and crime wait a bit.

The opinion of the meeting being what it is I must look through the bundle for something more topical; a holiday book in fact. Well, the only one I can find is called THIS SALZBURG (Peter Davies. 6s.), by Count Ferdinand Czernin, who with a name like that ought to be a Hungarian (and you know how we *love* Hungarians) but probably is an Austrian (and you know how we *love* Austrians). Which is surprising, for nobody but an Englishman has any right to so easy a colloquial style, playing with humour in that kind of bantering understatement which every Englishman knows that only the English can do properly.

And what about those illustrations—thumb-nail I believe they are called, though how they could be done with a thumb—but no matter. About those illustrations, done by that other Count, Count Eugen Ledebur, in a style never yet seen outside the sprightly pages of the *New Yorker*. So versatile, these Austrians! Yes, you know the thing. Fat men with shaving brushes in their hats; peasants in shorts and red noses. That's just where you are wrong. You have never seen little pictures quite like these. Alive and kicking in every tiny line, and oh, so witty.

You may or may not have been to Salzburg. You can scarcely not have heard of it. People go there in August: the Duke of Windsor, Marlene Dietrich, Lady Cunard, Cecil Beaton, and lots and lots and lots of the people whose delightful faces you see in delightful clothes in the picture papers. Max Reinhardt lives there, and the ruler of all Germany relaxes in a pretty chalet at Berchtesgarten, just across the valley.

"You will, I assure you, be perfectly happy for a few days in the new Tyrolese outfit which you have acquired"

In August they have a Festival, of which Toscanini is the King. The B.B.C. relays a lot of it and most people who go there are supposed to go there to hear the music. In the daytime they dress up like Austrian peasants and rush about from the dress shops to the hairdressers in Rolls-Royces and Bentleys marked G.B.

There are quite a number of Austrians about the place, but they mostly wear ordinary, ready-made clothes and ride in tram-cars. They are *quite* charming; they even make a point of their charm. As the Count Ferdinand Czernin (hereinafter called the Count) says, "don't grumble at the Austrian inefficiency. Inefficiency is part of our charm. Have you ever found efficient people charming?"

Yes, dear Count, you are efficient. You have written one of the best and most amusing books I have ever read on so inconsequent a subject. And you, and it, are charming.

"At dinner at the 'Europe,' the 'Oesterruschische Hof,' the 'Baroque Bar,' or the 'Mirabell' afterwards, you will find bare backs and tiaras dancing with the naked-kneed." One of Count Eugen Ledebur's delightful illustrations for Count Ferdinand Czernin's witty and entertaining book, This Salzburg, which has just been published by Peter Davies. The other drawings on this page are culled from the same inspired source

Methodical for the first and last time, the Count's opening chapter asks the very pertinent question, "Why Salzburg?" The answer is supplied, since this is neither a guessing game nor a general knowledge test, and that answer illogically and very definitely is, "Because it is August." There are other and minor reasons, "there is that festival, of course," but our author and guide only touches on them lightly. To bring practical common sense into this disquisition would show a sad lack of fitness.

On the subject of his fellow countrymen the Count is both acute and frivolous, an astonishing but in this case successful combination. He knows them well and is prepared to tell all, in the manner of long-awaited confessions.

"We Austrians," he writes with his usual candour, "adore foreigners, especially the Anglo-Saxons! We love the looks of them, their behaviour and their cash. Last of all their cash. We are fearful snobs about everything Anglo-Saxon; as a matter of fact some say we go too far. If you talk English we will pull ourselves to bits for you. God knows why." That irrepressible candour again. "If, after a week's acquaintance, you ask us whether we were born or brought up in England, as our English is so perfect, we will willingly die for you." "We Austrians are all geniuses," the Count admits, or "at least we believe we are, and that is good enough for us, as it ought to be for you."

"The Mozarteum does its bit by giving you matinee concerts"

Finally, "We Austrians are fearfully polite. We kiss hands as often as we get a chance, and flap our eyelashes. We say the nicest things to the most dreadful people, and only afterwards feel sick."

As for getting to Salzburg, since the author assumes that that is, or should be, your object, there are various ways of achieving that, from the uninspired "second to Salzburg" to the more adventurous motoring, though "the train gets you there without your having to watch the turnings, and there is always the chance that your heir might get something out of the railway company."

Once you are in Salzburg there is the extremely important question of behaviour. As the Count very rightly says, "You can't just come and be English and American all over the place." You can't, and if he has half a chance the Count won't let you. He tells you how to behave about hotels, how to talk, and keep silent, about the music, and how to dress.

In Salzburg the question of dress is one of the first importance. Forty-eight hours is the record time that has ever been achieved in resisting a visit to the local shops and, since the clothes are so delightful and provide such a wonderful opportunity for dressing up day after

(Continued on page 276)

From the Principality and the Provinces

A DAY OF BARDIC PAGEANTRY IN OWAIN GLYNDWR'S COUNTRY: The scene within the mystic circle at the Gorsedd held on a hillock just outside Machynlleth, during the Welsh National Eisteddfod which took place this year in this Montgomeryshire town famed for its association with the Welsh warrior chief. Standing on the Logan Stone next to the speaker is the Archdruid (the Rev. J. J. Williams, of Swansea), a striking figure in white and gold, who received the various initiates

MAN OF THE HOUR: Mr. J. M. Edwards, a thirty-three-year-old school teacher of Barry, Glamorgan, seated on the bardic chair after being crowned with the customary ceremonial. He received this high honour at the Welsh National Eisteddfod for his poem describing the revolt of youth against conventional village life and subsequent disillusionment. There were 14 competitors, and they had three themes from which to choose. Standing on the left is the Archdruid

HAMBLE'S "LORD MAYOR'S SHOW": A converted farm wagon drawn by four sturdy cart horses and accompanied by postillions and grooms headed the procession through the narrow streets of this Hampshire seaside village before the opening of the 257th regatta there. In some places there was barely room for the massive vehicle

GOLD-DIGGING IN THE WICKLOW HILLS: Workmen washing the "ground" at Ballintemple, where they are carrying out an elaborate search for the precious metal which geologists believe exists there in considerable quantities. Whether these quantities are sufficiently large to ensure financial success remains to be discovered

A NEW CHANNEL CONQUEROR: Tom Blower (on left), a 23-year-old Nottingham engineer, pictured near Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, after his successful swim from Cape Grisnez, France, in the fast time of 13 hrs. 29 mins. He was out to break the record of 11 hrs. 5 mins., but was held up by the tides

"TO HAVE FAITH IS ITSELF A MIRACLE" is the keynote of Emmet Lavery's fine play about the Society of Jesus, *The First Legion*, which recently began its run at Daly's. The Rev. Mark Ahern (Colin Keith-Johnston, left) and Dr. Peter Morell (Franklin Dyall, right) are however unable at first to satisfy themselves that a young priest with pneumonia has been cured by faith, their innate honesty compelling them to the conclusion that medicine alone explains the recovery. It is the battle of these "two souls in purgatory" that provides the drama

AFTER THE "MIRACLE" the restored priest (Wilfrid Grantham) blesses the Reverend John Fulton while the pious rector (C. V. France, second from left) sits nearby. Another scene from *The First Legion* which has so much in common with Shaw's *St. Joan* recalling the Archbishop's words:—"A miracle is an event which creates faith"

On STAGE

THE National Theatre Committee, in its twenty-nine years of not conspicuously active existence, has at last done something. It has provided a "silly season" topic by acquiring a giant site in South Kensington, which will be about as much use for the purpose for which it is intended as a giant gooseberry.

Lord Lytton, who two years ago declared that the "national" theatre (whether in the form of a brand-new one, built by such funds as exist, together with the further funds the public is going to be asked to provide) must be "in the heart of theatre-land," has switched right round and is defending the South Kensington choice.

Now if the Committee think that the public will flock to the Cromwell Road to see plays as dull as the Cromwell Road (and almost as long) they are wrong. It seems, however, that they don't anticipate anything of the sort, for Mr. Lewis Casson, one of the scheme's principal apologists, has admitted that the "national theatre" is not likely to be popular. In that case, why should an appeal be made to the public? If a national theatre is not popular—nor even, it seems, intended to be popular—it has no right to call itself "national."

I do not think there is any demand for a "national theatre" at all. For a scheme on a really grand and noble scale, with an imposing theatre in Piccadilly Circus or Trafalgar Square and a Government subsidy, something might be said, though I venture to think that the days when that was either desirable or necessary have passed. To the French, though they are more theatre-minded as a nation than we are, the Comedie Française and the Paris Opera—magnificent buildings in the heart of the city—do not mean a fraction of what they did.

Good new plays, revivals of Shakespeare and other classics, etc., are put on in London by the much-abused "commercial" manager, and it is only the very foolish who abuse him. When such enterprises deserve to succeed they do succeed; when they do not, it means that they were badly done or that the public did not wish to see them. No "national theatre" *cachet* is going to alter that basic fact.

As for the educational and uplift aspect, that is provided already by that excellent institution the Old Vic, which enjoys on this account remission of entertainment tax and favourable and official attentions from the Board of Education.

The National Memorial Theatre possesses large funds. Far better than throwing these down the drain by building and attempting to run a new theatre in the heart of museum-land would it be to hand them over to the Old Vic, with, of course, representatives of its own on the board of management, who would have their say in the matter of policy.

I no more think that this is likely to happen than that the South Kensington National Theatre, when and if it is erected, will ever be other than the whitest of white elephants.

CATHLEEN NESBITT who plays a leading role in that thrilling play *London After Dark* which celebrates its 150th performance at the Apollo in a few days time. *Right*—Edna Best learning her script during the making of the new picture *South Riding* which Victor Saville is directing for London Films at Denham

GRACIE FIELDS is the bright particular star of the Basil Dean film *The Show Goes On* which is now enjoying an extended run at the London Hippodrome, better known as a home of musical comedy

and SCREEN

This National Theatre Scheme : "The Gusher," Melodramatic Entertainment for the Nursery

By PHILIP PAGE

"The Gusher."—The last type of play no national, repertory, or any other sort of theatre would ever think of producing is *The Gusher* by Ian Hay. It is none the worse for that and none the better. The Prince's Theatre has been specialising with success of late in melodrama with its sentimentality cut down to next to nothing and its exciting detail developed. There are plenty of those whom such detail can and does excite, even if (or possibly because) as an entertainment it rarely rises above the nursery stage of mental development. What is important is that it is honest, efficient and never mawkish.

Our fathers had their withers wrung by the sight of a heroine all tresses and distresses, all sobs and simpers, and by a wronged woman who, wearing dingy black, carries her "fatherless" baby through a snow-storm. None o' that for Major Ian Hay Beith. His heroine does not faint when she finds that the hero, for reasons too complicated to explain, is unable to sail in the yacht to seek wealth in some Pacific treasure island. She just buys the yacht and instals herself as a sort of owner-skipper.

The wronged woman does not wear black, but just the right shade of green for her flaming red hair. The villain is not a dark-haired desperado with a black moustache and an opera cloak with a silk lining as scarlet as his sin; he is a fair-haired young man with a lounge suit and the accent of a B.B.C. announcer.

These folk, and others, figure in a plot of great length and ingenuity, involving a murder, a comic coroner's inquest (are coroner's inquests really fixed for fun?), the undoing of the villain by an unshrocked parson and the undoing of the yacht in a fog by an unseen liner. The short scenes follow swiftly upon each other after the fashion of the cinema. And I think that such spectacular effects as collision at sea should be left to the cinema.

Miss Christine Barry made a beauteous and lively heroine, with no nonsense about her. Mr. Ivan Samson (and the author) most cleverly concealed until the play was nearly over that he was the murderer (whom I took to be the saturnine leader, played by Mr. Percy Parsons, or the saturnine parson, played by Mr. Bernard Lee) and the humour was mostly left to Scotticisms of Mr. Alastair Sim. I have never known what "pawky" means. But I feel that Mr. Sim is very pawky.

"MUSIC, AWAKE HER; STRIKE! 'TIS TIME; DESCEND; BE STONE NO MORE": Leontes (Jack Hawkins) looks on amazed as his Queen, Hermione (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) "comes to life before him" after he had long thought her dead. The dramatic climax in *The Winter's Tale* as portrayed at the Open Air Theatre, where the play ends to-day (Saturday). *Below*—Hermione pleads at her trial against the charges of infidelity

"I AM A COURTIER. SEEST THOU NOT THE AIR OF THE COURT IN THESE ENFOLDINGS?" The rogue Autolycus (Leslie French) holds forth to the clown (Valentine Rooke) and his father (C. W. Anson). An episode from *The Winter's Tale* at Regent's Park. *Right*—"MY LORD, IS THIS THE DAUGHTER OF A KING?" asks Leontes (Jack Hawkins) of Florizel (Lindesay Baxter) on his return to Silicia with his betrothed, Perdita (Lesley Gorden)

London as a Fashion Centre

American Buyers no Longer Go Direct to Paris. They See London Collections First

IT was in the spring that the Fashion Group of Great Britain first succeeded in persuading London designers to give a combined show for the benefit of American buyers, and the results were so gratifying that they have just given a show of early autumn models.

Very wisely, most of the models came into the sports category. Digby Morton, Victor Stiebel, and Peter Russell showed perfectly tailored suits and coats, and there was no more lovely colour combination than Peter Russell's long navy coat, taffeta lined, worn over a matching suit trimmed with violet.

There seems to be no doubt that plaids and checks are in for a great burst of popularity. Plain and checked woollens are allied in one suit: jackets, mercifully, are slightly longer than they were in the spring: skirts remain slender and very neat—Stiebel sprang a surprise with his one rather full flared skirt worn with a green and black plaid jacket with low black pockets:—and blouses are bright, rather plain, and often finished with a bow at the throat.

Who says the English have no lightness of touch? Here are some charming phantasies, including Lydia Moss's jacket of white swansdown worn with a pleated chiffon nightdress

Victor Stiebel's exquisitely draped evening dress in soft sapphire blue velvet, the hemline considerably shortened at the front

Digby Morton's dress and jacket of dusky green combined with a toning plaid. Note the slightly longer jacket

AMONG the more formal clothes was an interesting woollen dress by Motley. In a deep mulberry shade, it had a draped corsage set into a shaped panel, the high neck and the three-quarter length sleeves edged with fringe. You can see it in the small sketches on the left, worn with a flat felt hat with a velvet band which went under the chin, and was tied on the top of the crown.

All the hats (the majority of them were made by Aage Thaarup) were extraordinarily good. His is the cocktail hat of black felt drawn on the left. Its three-cornered brim is veiled with fine, black lace, and its crown is very shallow. Another of his models is shown at the foot of the page. This is a version of the Scotch bonnet, and he has trimmed it with the head of a golden cockerel.

Victor Stiebel did the loveliest of the evening dresses, sketched for you here. In sapphire blue uncrushable velvet, classic draperies mark the line of the hips and cascade to the hem, lifted slightly at the front and sweeping back into a train. (This lifted evening hemline is something you should note.) Motley did several dramatic robes-de-style, including one in sugar pink with a heart-shaped bodice trimmed with a little grey cherub.

Altogether, a grand day for British designers and for British manufacturers, and if the general comments were anything to go by, American women will soon find themselves wearing some very good looking British suits

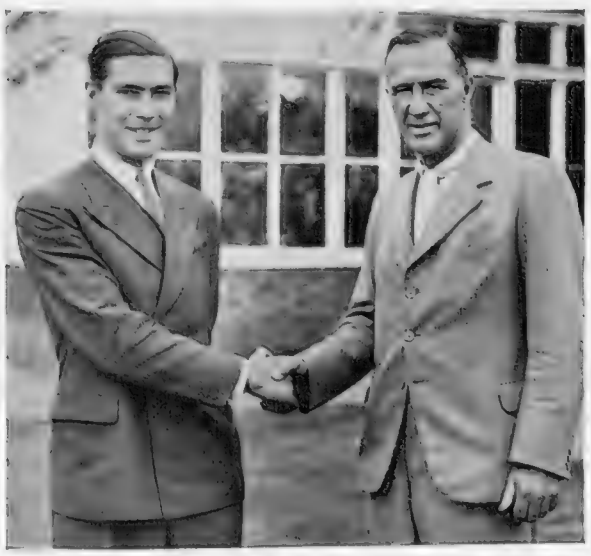
What Other People Are Doing

"DOING" EUROPE: Karen Morley, the U.S. film star, and her husband, Charles Vidor, the well-known producer, pictured on arrival at Plymouth in the *Ile de France*

AN ARMY WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: Mr. Paul Gleadell, the Devonshire Regiment, and Miss Mary Lind, daughter of Colonel A. G. Lind, leaving after their marriage a few days ago. The bride, who was given away by her father, was a charming figure in pearl tinted satin

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AT BRIGHTON RACES: Presenting the Harry Preston Memorial Cup to Mr. G. N. Bennet after the easy victory of Abbots Ferry

ENHANCING LONDON'S GAIETY: Members of the *Nuits de Folies*, one of the largest companies that has ever been brought across the Atlantic. They are to be the star turn at the London Casino for some time to come and are being produced by M. Lemarchand, late of the Folies Bergere



A FAMILY AFFAIR: Mr. A. J. Rooker Roberts, who is retiring from Belmont, the junior section of Mill Hill School, after twenty-five years as headmaster, shaking hands with his son who is to be his successor as head

A LONG PULL: One of the girls engaged in rope climbing at the annual physical training course at Milner Court, Sturry, Kent, which is attended by many youngsters from at home and oversea

MARIA AND FELIPE, two delightful dancers in Spanish costume, are to be the big attraction at the Piccadilly Hotel where they will be appearing for a fortnight from August 16

MECHANICALLY-MINDED: A lesson to all motor-cyclists not to leave their vehicles unattended during country trips. These two horses after having the time of their lives tasting, smelling, and feeling this motor-cycle, finally left it overturned with the petrol running out of the tank

CARS WITH HEREDITARY FAULTS

Manufacturers Who Perpetuate Defects In Their Models from Year to Year

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

NOT so long ago at a motoring function a friend of mine sitting at the same table as myself ventured to remark that practically every car had one fault and that this fault was perpetuated from year to year. Whilst I would not agree with him that the proportion of cars with a failing was as great as he suggested I do know of quite a number that could be improved in one respect or another and it is perfectly true that as each new season's model is produced the weakness is carried on.

I find it difficult to put forward any explanation for this apparent lack of knowledge on the part of the manufacturer and I can only imagine that where a fault is to be found it owes its existence to the desire for making some other inter-connected part ultra-efficient.

The majority of manufacturers do subject their new models to extensive tests by their own staff but perhaps the testers are so accustomed to weak brakes, a coarse clutch or a vibration in the engine that they forget to make any adverse report or perhaps even they do not notice it. I wonder, therefore, that the motor-car makers do not send out each year a questionnaire to the various motorists who drive their cars and ask thereon in what respect the cars could be improved. The average tester employed by a works is in all probability an expert but in spite of this qualification it is a well-known fact that the public in a day will find a weak spot in the chassis which a tester during a month would never have discovered.

During the last few years I have noticed that quite a number of cars, usually in the light car class, have a distinct tinkle in their exhaust system when the driver pushes down the accelerator pedal. Recently I drove a car which had this unpleasant sound and had it investigated by the makers. The trouble is caused by employing too thin a gauge of metal for the exhaust pipe. I tried to get rid of the noise—first of all by fitting clips to the pipe; then by wrapping the entire exhaust system with asbestos string. Neither of these likely remedies produced the desired results, and it was not until an entirely new exhaust pipe had been fixed did I get rid of the trouble. With the tinkle the car gave me the impression that it was flimsy and ultra-light, but once it was removed it became a solidly constructed vehicle. I realise that the change was purely the product of my imagination, but it just shows that a small fault like this can make an owner quite dissatisfied.

I recently attended the annual meeting of the Automobile Association which was held in London. Although we have heard much criticism of the A.A., this great organisation was able to announce at this meeting that its membership was 666,500, and that during the past year the increase in membership was the greatest ever recorded in its history. With facts and figures of this nature to its credit it is difficult to believe that there is any genuine feeling amongst members that the A.A. is not doing its job. I do not suppose there were more than 150 members in the room, which proves to me that A.A. members are perfectly satisfied with all that their chairman, committee, and secretary are doing for them.

The A.A. is undoubtedly the biggest motoring organisation of its kind in the world, and it is also proud that amongst its members there are more than 100,000 lady motorists. No one at the meeting sounded a discordant note, but one member suggested that something should be done to try to make motorists as a whole more courteous. He instanced the case which frequently happens where a long queue of cars are proceeding in one direction and another car coming in the opposite direction wishes to drive through the queue in order to go down a side street. Nine times out of ten no one in the long queue will give way to let the one motorist get through, which probably means that another string of cars get held up in the opposite direction. The speaker went on to add that if the drivers of the cars in the original queue were pedestrians, there is not one of them who would not give way to let another pedestrian cross the queue.

THE 14-H.P. MORRIS which follows the same design as the 10-h.p., 12-h.p., and 18-h.p. It seats five people without difficulty and is equipped with low-pressure tyres for comfort and special wheels which reduce the labour of cleaning them to the very minimum

It certainly is a curious fact that many people, when they sit behind a steering wheel, lose all sense of courtesy.

I cover a considerable mileage in a year on a motor cruiser and my experience shows me that once on water the average motorist would act with the utmost courtesy to everyone else who is piloting a boat. What he does on foot and on the water he surely ought to be able to do when driving a car. How to bring about increased courtesy on the road is a problem which has not an easy solution. Personally, I consider that this lack of courtesy is responsible for a large proportion of the number of accidents that occur every day on our roads. We all see examples of it every time that we motor.

The great Motor Exhibition is now drawing close to hand, and, although many of the new season's models have been disclosed, there are still a number to be announced. Not one of these, of which particulars have already been published, possesses a car radio set as part and parcel of its standard equipment. Why this country should be so backward in this respect is curious.

The modern radio set that is built for car use no longer requires suppressors on the sparking-plugs to do away with unwanted interference. When suppressors had to be fitted it was easy to understand why many car makers did not take kindly to car radio. With these suppressors some engines would quickly and continuously oil up their plugs and so owners would blame the manufacturer of the car for this annoyance. To-day, however, the running of an engine is not affected in the slightest and yet no manufacturer at the moment has been far-seeing enough to build a car radio set into his chassis.

As I have remarked in these notes before, the car manufacturer will not go out of his way to assist the owner in fitting such a set. The radio dealers while keen to sell sets have little or no knowledge of fitting them to cars, and are not possessed of sufficient experience to make a satisfactory job with a car. The makers of car radio sets should, therefore, have service engineers and fitters spread throughout the country, for no one in his senses can expect a car owner living say 50 miles from London to bring his car to the Metropolis to have a set fitted, or when once fitted, to have it serviced at this distance when something goes wrong. To-day it is a comparatively simple job for an expert to fit a radio set to a car, but it would be far more satisfactory and easier to have it fitted while the car is actually being made.

The old theory that a driver had his attention diverted from the road while listening to the wireless has been exploded. In fact, it has been definitely proved that a driver handles his car more carefully and more cautiously while the wireless on his vehicle is in action. The cost of car radio sets has now been reduced to a ridiculously low figure and the results they produce are now quite satisfactory.

The rear light of a motor vehicle, be it car, motor-cycle, or lorry, is an extremely important factor in the safety on roads at night. Notwithstanding the fact that the safety of the driver of the vehicle depends upon his rear light, and also that of all overtaking traffic, it is no uncommon thing for rear lights to be so dim as to make it difficult to pick them up at any safe distance. Incidentally, of course, when the light is so feeble, the illumination of the rear number-plate is also likely to be inadequate, and this in itself is a breach of the law. The R.A.C. suggests that an indifferent rear light and a poorly illuminated number-plate are caused frequently by an accumulation of dried mud or dust on the bulb of the lamp. The Club is urging members to see that the rear lights on their car or motor-cycle are kept clean and in good working order, both in the interests of safety and so as to comply with the law.

A remarkable method of testing the efficiency of rust prevention treatment is used in the chemical laboratories of the Ford factory at Dagenham. It compresses the equivalent of several years of service into a few hours. In the manufacture of Ford cars many different body, frame and engine parts are given anti-corrosion treatment to lengthen their life. Samples of all these scores of parts are placed in a sealed chamber and subjected to a concentrated spray of salt corrosive for several hours. When they are removed from the sealed test chamber the parts are scrutinised by laboratory technicians, who can gauge the efficiency of anti-rust treatments from the effects of the exposure to the concentrated atmosphere.

BRISTOL TO BE TRANSFORMED: King George V Avenue is to be the name of the new and spacious thoroughfare to be built on this site in the heart of the West Country's metropolis. The old tramway centre will go out of existence, thus removing a point notorious for its congestion of traffic

This England . . .

Stonehenge, Wilts.

QUARREL we would not with the line—"what should they know of England who only England know?" But let it be said, and firmly, that he who knows this England, knows much. What d'ye seek—the monuments of eld? Menhir and cromlech, monolith and circle, we have them all. What d'ye lack—summer snow or winter flowers? They are here. Strange meats is it you need for your comfort—then try lardy johns or a lamprey stew. And the "wine of the country"? Out of the soil that bred you, ripened in the climate that made you strong, come resinous hop and golden barley blended for your delight by an ancient craft — what fitter than Worthington, that waits everywhere upon your rovings in this pleasant land.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON & CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

ON AUTOSTRADE AND AUTOBAHNEN

(Continued from page 266)

is 1s. 3½d. per gallon at an exchange rate of Swiss Frs. 21.20 to the £. The concession is operated in a very simple manner. Upon entering the country, motorists should ask the Swiss Customs Officer for a Petrol Form. This is presented for endorsement at the Filling Station each time petrol is bought. Upon leaving Switzerland the Petrol Form is handed back to the Swiss Customs at the frontier point of exit, who immediately refund the cash equivalent of 13 centimes per litre of petrol purchased up to a maximum of 300 litres (66 gallons). The concession of 13 centimes per litre represents a saving of 6½d. per gallon.

In Italy the arrangement is that if you stay at a certain number of Grade A hotels (and presumably, therefore, spend good English money) you can have a certain number of vouchers for petrol at a cheap price. This is quite simple. The French, however, have made it extremely difficult for us to take advantage of their concessions. To begin with you have to go to Paris to get them. When you arrive at the Hotel des Finances a book of these petrol coupons, each of a value of 60 francs, is issued. To obtain this book, however, you have to attend personally with your car, produce Customs papers and the *carte de legitimation*. Each coupon will only be valid till the expiry of each period of five consecutive days spent in France and so on . . . Whether it is really worth while I am dubious.

Another point to remember is that money regulations are tighter than ever on the Continent. On leaving Germany you can only take out 10 marks in silver and no notes at all. In Italy you can get travel lire like travel marks, but you cannot leave the country with more Italian money than you entered with, up to 300 lire in notes and 50 lire in coins.

A final tip is that in France it is always worth buying a copy of the *Club des Sans Club*. Moreover, if you buy the Club's stick-on label for 2 or 3 francs you get free garage at a high percentage of hotels at which you stay.

Speaking generally, the foreign tours by British motorists this year show much more originality and variety than before. All the same, I suspect that if you sat outside the Hotel Stephanie at Baden-Baden any day this week you would get almost dizzy with the quantity of G.B. number plates either in the hotel garage or passing you on the road.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 268)

day, why resist at all? Of course, as the Count says, "you won't look any more 'Tyrolese' wearing those dresses, but then hardly anyone in Salzburg ever does, and as you probably will believe that you do, and will be perfectly happy about it, that is all that matters." For which observations, my dear Count, we give you very good marks in psychology.

There are excellent tips for the unmusical who *will* go to the Festival. For instance, "Mozart's music (this is important and can be used over and over again, so please remember it) is the representation of the Austrian Rococo." And elsewhere, "it is much the best thing to do not to open your mouth about Beethoven at all. You will never be able to say the right thing unless you are fearfully clever. And fearfully clever people seldom say anything at all."

I doubt whether there will ever be another guide to the town of Salzburg itself quite like this, or with quite as valuable information. There is hardly a trace of the Baedeker influence in such sentences as this: "Whereas Mozart lived in almost every house in Salzburg, number nine Getreidegasse is the only one he was born in." And there is a certain fresh conciseness about this, too: "The square we stand on is the Rathausplatz, as cosy a piece of Salzburg as you will find anywhere. They have laid a tram-line across it, which was extremely wise of them, for it keeps up the death-rate and prevents over-population. You haven't heard of Austria asking for colonies, have you? Well, that tram-line has something to do with it."

Sports are given as chamois hunting, ticket hunting (a fairly exhausting pastime this), and, "mainly for girls," the hunting of the Austrian aristocracy. "This noble game abounds in the Salzkammergut, where it is to be found either alone or in shoals; its habitat is the lakes . . . where they swim in the daytime, and the bars, wherein they dance at night. They are still plentiful and far from extinct, but their timidity makes them difficult to approach and provides excellent sport."

Salzburg, says the Count, swarms with personalities, or their understudies, "who are good enough to give the street life the air of being fearfully Bohemian and very, very important in an intellectual sort of way." Some of these celebrities are listed, as well as the best ways of approaching them. For one well-known couple the recipe is to "drive along the roads of the Salzkammergut steadily for an hour or two. Unless you're completely out of luck they are sure to run into you. And no doubt they will ask the survivors to come out and dine."

The book ends with an inimitable Salzburg dictionary (greatly abridged and revised!), which is a witty, scandalous, and altogether successful postscript to the most light-hearted book of the summer. In that enchanting town of which Count Czernin writes, they have a speciality called Nockerln which are extremely good to eat. They are as light as air, and they have a very distinctive flavour. Somehow, not so surprisingly, I have been thinking of them all day.

CONTINUATIONS

THE PASSING OF OLD BERKELEY SQUARE

(Continued from page 265)

accomplished with patience, steadiness, and dignity, persisting through all the opposition of peers and the King himself. But though a man of personal distinction and charm he did not enjoy the daily routine of government, and two years after his victory he retired from office. One of his colleagues in the Cabinet afterwards lived in the same house, Lord Brougham, whom he had made Lord Chancellor. Brougham had become a popular hero from his defence of Queen Caroline, but his undoubted remarkable abilities were marred by eccentricity and arrogance.

Near by, at No. 38, one of the ladies who won notoriety from the favour of George IV, brought scandal to the fashionable square. Lady Jersey followed Mrs. Fitzherbert in the affections of the Prince, as he then was, and enjoyed the approval of Queen Charlotte, who was pleased at anything that removed her son from the enticement of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But the Prince, after a time, tired of Lady Jersey who had become immensely unpopular, particularly with the London crowd, who hated her for her attitude to the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Yet in spite of many rebuffs Lady Jersey kept her high spirit, and at sixty was described by a memoir writer as "still very beautiful, very full of affectation, and nothing can persuade her that she is more than thirty."

Horace Walpole lived at No. 11, having moved there from Arlington Street in October, 1779. He wrote to one of his lady friends, the Countess of Ossory, saying: "I came to town this morning to take possession of Berkeley Square, and am as well pleased with my new habitation as I can be with anything at present. Lady Shelburne's being queen of the palace over against me has improved the view since I bought the house, and I trust will make your ladyship not so shy as you were in Arlington Street." Horace Walpole, who had become Earl of Orford on the death of his brother—an honour which he had not desired—died at No. 11 in 1797, when the house passed to his much-loved niece, Lady Waldegrave.

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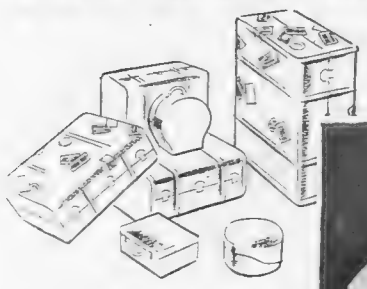

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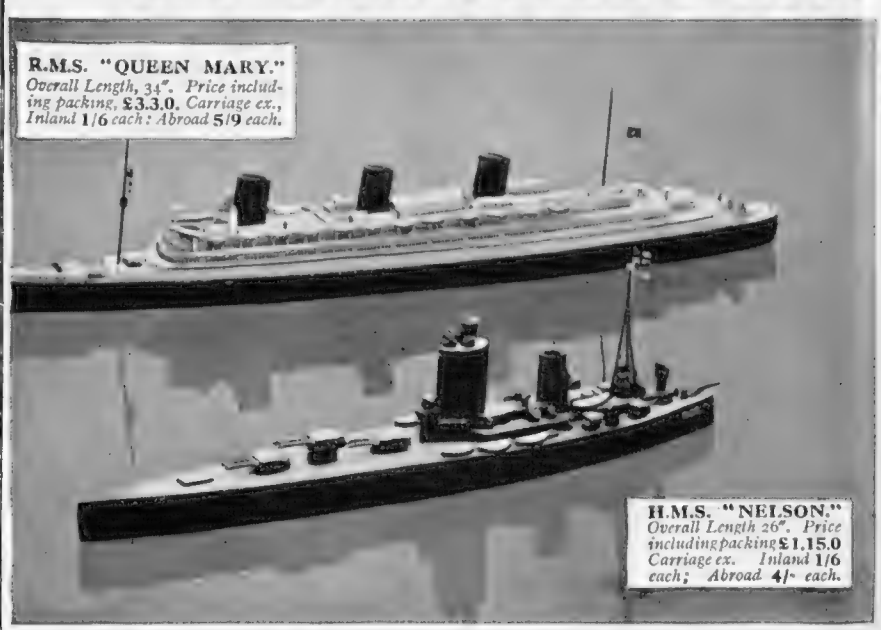
THE FLEET IN MINIATURE



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AUGUST *in the* AUSTRIAN HIGHLANDS

The Glorious Countrysides of Voralberg, Salzburg, and Tyrol

SALZBURG'S FAMED HORSE-POND which stands near the Salzburg Theatre, a building that was formerly the riding school of the archbishops. The pond was built in 1695 and has some fine murals, two depicting horses fighting

I HAVE never made up my mind as to which is the most impressive of the possible first views of Salzburg, the gateway of Tyrol and the Salzkammergut. On the whole I incline to favour the sight which meets you when, having crossed the frontier out of Bavaria, you emerge from the shadow of the Untersberg on to a green plain.

Every town of any pretension in the Middle Ages in Central Europe has, or once had, its castle. There is Prague, with its enormous fortress which is a town in itself, and a host of greater or lesser keeps surrounded by the cities or villages which they protected or which grew up in their ward. But Salzburg is peerless. As Edinburgh or Stirling is to Scotland so is Salzburg to Austria.

You must approach at evening, and on foot. Leaving behind you the mountain defiles and the pined slopes already dark with night, the prospect is without feature until broken by the superb mass of Hohensalzburg and the white walls of the castle gilded by the setting sun. The horizon is fretted with snowy peaks. As on the still air the bells of the city come faintly across the plain you will find it impossible to imagine a scene of greater beauty.

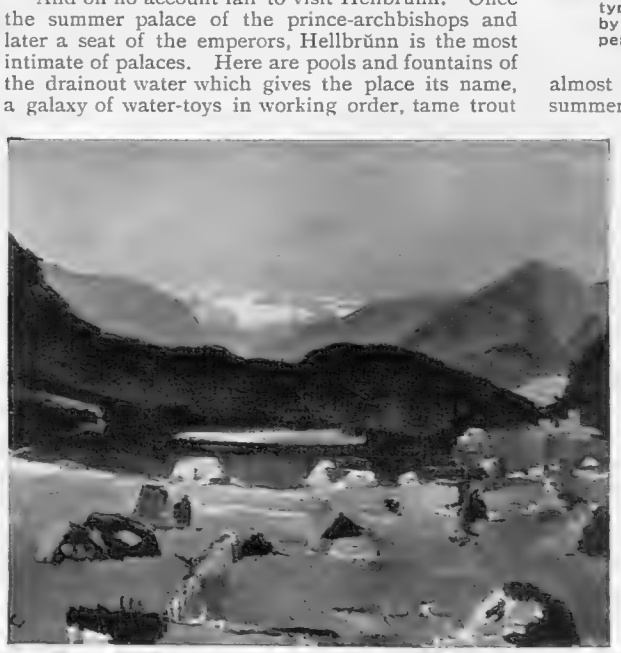
It is difficult to dissect Salzburg's peculiar charm. Is it the happy marriage of the medieval and the eighteenth century, the many fountains, the music breathed by the very air or merely the character of the people which is so fascinating? Probably it is a blend of all. For here is Italy transplanted and in harmony with the north, here a rococo cathedral is dominated by a citadel which saw Frederick Barbarossa ride past towards the wild valleys of Asia Minor where he was to die, and round the corner of one of the streets you momently expect to come rumbling the coach of a prince-archbishop or the landau of Kaiser Franz. Or, in the torchlit courtyard of the Residenz, when his own melodies rise to the night sky, it is not hard to imagine the ghost of Mozart listening in the shadow of the pillars.

Then you will be delighted to hear as you sit in one of the squares at your morning coffee the cracked little tunes ringing from the Glockenspiel. There is a ridiculous but entrancing copper horse in the Residenz gardens and close by the most sumptuous of horse-ponds. You must go, too, to the Marionettentheater where the puppets' parts are taken by singers from the Mozarteum, climb also or take the lift up Hohensalzburg whence on a midsummer night you may count a hundred bonfires sparkling on the mountains and where a myriad glow-worms make their own *feux de joie* in the beech woods.

And on no account fail to visit Hellbrünn. Once the summer palace of the prince-archbishops and later a seat of the emperors, Hellbrünn is the most intimate of palaces. Here are pools and fountains of the drainout water which gives the place its name, a galaxy of water-toys in working order, tame trout and carp, and a grotto which at the turning of a tap is loud with bird-song. The practical jokes played with water, varying from fountains which spurt from the middle of a guest's chair to a stag's head which jets water from every antler, must have redeemed the many fetes which took place here from the crushing formality of the more grandiose courts of the eighteenth century.

Salzburg has perhaps claimed more space than might have been accorded. I confess that the town is an old love of music; but no one who makes it his first point of contact with Austria will go far astray.

On left—WINDOW ON TYROL: Looking across from the Alpenrose Inn to the still snow-capped slopes of the Zillertaler Alps



A MASTER COLOURIST PAINTS THE AUSTRIAN LANDSCAPE: The "Ausser See" by Franz Lerch, an artist who has only recently received his fourth award from the Austrian State. Bold brushwork and the employment of strongly contrasting colours are the keynotes of his work

The Austrian mode which began more or less contemporaneously with the production of the *White Horse Inn* in London shows little sign of waning. It seems inevitable that the country which has been so long the cockpit of Europe should become also its playground. With returning prosperity and a more settled political outlook—the old spirit of gaiety, though never absent, seems now more spontaneous. Salzburg, with its beauty and the added attraction of its Festival, is the centre of this holiday ground.

The lakes boast towns and villages of particular charm. There are St. Wolfgang and St. Gilgen on the Wolfgangsee, Mattsee, Ebensee and Hallstadt, Neumarkt on the Mondsee and several pleasant places on the great Attersee. Or, if you feel in need of a cure, perhaps you will try Hofgastein which is nearly 3,000 ft. up and noted for its waters, Bad Ischl perhaps (the bracing effect of which its inhabitants assign as the cause of the long good health of the Emperor Franz-Joseph in spite of almost incredible misfortunes, who spent many summers there), Badgastein in its splendid surroundings, or Warmbad-Villach in Carinthia.

IN THE LAND OF THE DIRNDL: This particular type of Tyrolean costume, made so attractive by the Cossack-like fur cap, is worn by the peasantry of the High Valley of the Inn

Then you will not neglect, I hope, Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol and second to my mind in beauty only to Salzburg. Notable for various ancient relics you will find of particular interest Hofkirche which contains monuments to two such differing people (though akin in spirit) as Maximilian, last of the Holy Roman Emperors in the chivalric mould, and Andreas Hofer, the patriot peasant leader who for long defied Napoleon from his mountain retreat. Innsbruck is an excellent centre for excursions.

Other excellent resorts in Tyrol which may be mentioned are Neustif at the lower end of the Stubai valley, an excellent centre for climbing, Seefeld on its warm lake and St. Anton set in lovely scenery. In Voralberg there are Feldkirch, with its ancient streets, and such attractive villages as Gaschurn and Sckruns, and Bregenz between the lake and the mountains.

Hugonaut

COSTUMES OF KITZBUHEL: Two other types of traditional Tyrolean dress, one notable for a headgear that has much in common with that worn by the women of Wales. The aprons, it will be noted, are most elaborately worked

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In Quest of

Where to Stay in the Isle Places at Cowes, Fresh

ONLY a strip of water which looks ridiculously diminutive from the air divides the Isle of Wight from the mainland, and you can cross by air or water in next to no time. Yet what a deterrent this strip of water seems to be to many. It is not really that people fear air- or sea-sickness in such a short sheltered sea passage, but it is just sheer British conservatism which prevents people from doing something a little bit different from what they are accustomed to do.

Yet once you have been to the island you will be bound to go again; for the transport of yourself and your car is the easiest thing in the world, and stepping ashore at Ryde, Cowes, or Yarmouth, you will wonder why on earth you have never visited the island before.

For here is England unspoilt. Here is shelter and sunshine all the year round, and here is a land where snow and frost are entirely foreign. When I toured the island recently I was struck with the excellence of the roads and the simplicity with which one could get from one part of the island with or without one's car. No matter where you stay you can "do" the island through and through most thoroughly. For even motoring from what are probably the two farthest points—Bembridge to Freshwater, I found I covered the distance in under an hour.

Crossing from the mainland, you choose that passage which you find most convenient for your purpose. There are no complications; no Customs formalities; no foreign tongues or foreign rules of the road when you reach the other side. You just drive your car on to the boat and willing and skilful hands will see to the requisite "packing."

There is not the space here to deal with all the hotels I have visited in the Isle of Wight, but here is a selection, and should it be that you have a leaning towards some particular point not mentioned, it may be that if you would write to me I can supply the answer.

The Gloster Hotel, Cowes.—Almost next door to the Royal Yacht Squadron in a grandstand position of its own overlooking the water is the Gloster Hotel, which has maintained for more years than I can remember a traditional reputation for hospitality. If you really want to know what a cold buffet is, go to the Gloster. Bought in the best markets—meat and poultry are cooked for cold—lobsters arrive all alive-o daily from Cornwall; and what a wailing and gnashing of teeth there is in Cowes when an Atlantic storm prevents the daily catch in Cornwall! But apart from its excellent reputation for food, you will find in Mrs. Carruthers and her staff an enthusiasm which is hard to beat, and the desire to give the best, and of the best, is exemplified when Mrs. Carruthers volunteered the information to me that she would very much prefer to buy a new carpet for her rooms than a new set of furs. Packed in Cowes Week, the Gloster deserves to be full every week of the year.

Albion Hotel, Freshwater Bay.—But there will be those who prefer Freshwater Bay, a miniature bay within a larger one, and there the Albion Hotel is a children's paradise if ever there was one. It lies literally on the water's edge. If it were not for the concrete terrace that Canute-like defies the sea to advance, you could take a header from your bedroom window into the water. Sleep-swimmers take note!

Don't expect here any so-called luxury, but if luxury means marvellous beds, good honest-to-goodness food, sunshine and God's good air straight off the sea, then indeed the Albion heads the bill.

But otherwise the old-time atmosphere of this 200-year-old inn is maintained. Ideal in spring and autumn, it would make a perfect winter residence, for here you can always find shelter, sunshine and feel serenely restful. May the Albion and the Stag and Arch Rocks always remain the principal features of Freshwater Bay; and to

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

of Wight; Good Stopping water, Niton, and Ventnor

these I must add the Old Wheel Café, which adjoins the Albion and is under the same ownership.

Undercliff Hotel, Niton-under-Cliff, near Ventnor.—Niton offers advantages which are quite distinctive to any other part of the island. In the first place it is the most southerly point of the island, and bear in mind that this district holds the British Isles record for sunshine and ultra-violet rays and smallest rainfall.

But what of the Undercliff Hotel itself? Let me start on a personal note. Mr. and Mrs. Clegg, who are the resident proprietors, are appreciative of the all-important word "comfort". Comfort greets you as you enter; a large sun-lounge (I refuse to call it a winter-garden) with inviting chairs of restful appearance and a feast of flowers. The public rooms and bedrooms are comfortable without being flamboyant. The cooking is in keeping with this key-note of comfort and on days when you feel extra thirsty it is a comfortable thought to know that the hotel is fully licensed and that the cellar has much of excellence to offer.

The grounds of twelve acres never tire one. There are view points where you can sit and look down on the Channel and St. Catharine's Lighthouse —320 ft. below. What a comforting thought to know that you can have the benefit of all the sea breezes that blow from the south, yet be quite immune from the dangers of the north and east wind.

Now we pass on to Ventnor which I should imagine viewed from the sea resembles Madeira with its houses and streets perched on the ledges and slopes of the town. It is always difficult in a town to say that such and such an hotel is the best of its kind, but fortunately in Ventnor we can narrow down the choice without undue difficulty. For a licensed hotel on the slopes I chose a Trust House.

The Royal Hotel, Ventnor.—It is a good-looker from without. It is colourful within, without being bizarre. Cream walls, restful shades of green and loose covers of old rose attract the eye. Outside, hanging baskets and trellis-work—a mass of rambler roses in June, add to the note of gaiety. There is nothing set or formal about the Royal. It has always attracted the very best class of visitor. I felt somehow a little mean at only having the 2s. 6d. abridged lunch, but from a motoring point of view I have always considered this Trust House feature a valuable asset.

But when one came to select an unlicensed hotel, I found myself on more difficult ground. Ultimately I selected Ventnor Towers Hotel, Madeira Road, because of its management, popular opinion and its locality.

Ventnor Towers Hotel.—Perhaps I was a little biased in favour of this hotel. I had previously met Mr. and Mrs. Gould of the Shanklin Towers Hotel and when I heard that Ventnor Towers was owned by their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Gould, I quickly headed the bonnet of my car Ventnor Tower-wards. Mr. C. V. Gould is an experienced hotelier and his early training is reflected in the admirable way in which Ventnor Towers is run. Then, there is its position, not only facing south, sun and sea, but surrounded by four acres of private grounds of which a large part consists of the springy turf of the natural Downs.

They have, too, a private beach, an all-weather tennis court, a putt and approach golf course. It struck me in general as an hotel which adapts itself to its visitors. Gay, genial and generous; never grandiloquent or gloomy.

Next week I shall hope to deal with the remainder of the island.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

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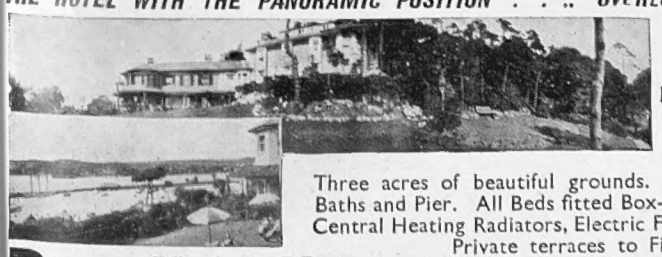

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THE LATE LADY TREE: Four impressions in her heyday of this great theatrical figure whose passing, after a career on the stage covering over half a century, has caused such genuine sorrow in the profession and among London theatregoers. *Left*—As Mary in *The Likeness of the Night* at the St. James's in 1901. *Left centre*—As Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*, autumn, 1906. *Right centre*—As Mistress Ford (one of her best comedy roles and one she often played) with Ellen Terry (Mistress Page) and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (Falstaff) in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1910. *Right*—As Portia in *Julius Caesar* at His Majesty's Theatre in the summer of 1911

"A LIVING CURTAIN" was formed by girl dancers to indicate the change of scene at the pageant held a few days ago at Kirkwall, capital of the Orkney Islands, to celebrate the octocentenary of the founding of the Cathedral of St. Magnus

A NORWEGIAN COUNTRY DANCE in authentic peasant costumes was one of the many charming episodes in the Kirkwall pageant held to celebrate the octocentenary of St. Magnus' Cathedral. The stage was a fine stretch of grass in front of the Earl's Palace, a magnificent edifice, now in ruin, built about the year 1600

CREATORS OF THE KIRKWALL PAGEANT: *Left*—Sir Ronald Sinclair, Bt., of Barrock, Caithness, had a busy time as "master of the greensward", being in charge of the whole production, while Mr. Eric Linklater (*right*), the noted Orcadian novelist and part-author of the script, looked on with interest through a crack in the canvas backcloth. He also read the prologue to each scene in the character of "recorder"

THE SINO-JAPANESE CLASH ROUND PEIPING

(*Continued from page 257*)

he was transferred to Honan Province. But peace did not ensue. On June 7, 1935, Japanese army commanders from Peiping, Shanghai, Tokyo, and Manchuria met in Tientsin at the headquarters of General Umetzu. Two days later six demands were presented to China: (1) The abolition of the Peiping Political Council; (2) The abolition of the Peiping branch of the National Military Council; (3) The abolition of the Political Training Department; (4) The suppression of all Kuomintang (party) branches in Hopei Province; (5) The removal from the Tientsin-Peiping area of the 2nd and the 25th Divisions of the National Army; (6) The withdrawal from Hopei of the 51st Division.

At this juncture in affairs the number of Japanese troops in this area was double its normal strength, since relief ships had arrived at Tangku with new contingents while the old were kept on duty pending events. China was engaged in civil war with the communist army. The Japanese military added to their demands the intimation that from twelve to seventeen aeroplanes would fly over Peiping on June 14 to inspect the withdrawal of the Chinese troops. The threat was effective. The Japanese military spokesman was able to report that "the local Chinese authorities had begun to take the measures demanded before the Nanking Government consented."

On the day appointed only one Japanese aeroplane arrived at Peiping from Jehol, but three Japanese planes flew over Tientsin, accompanied by a route march of Japanese sailors through the streets. The solitary aeroplane from Jehol continued to make daily flights over Peiping until the Chinese Government had assented to the terms of the Ho-Umetzu Agreement. Announcement of Chinese assent came only from Japan. Nanking has never confirmed it.

Comment from Tokyo at the time was, "By compelling the Chinese Central Government to withdraw troops, a precedent has been established."

The precedent established by the Ho-Umetzu Agreement has been invaluable to Japan in the present crisis. Because of it, she can claim the "right" to demand withdrawals. Moreover the weakening of Nanking's influence in the North by the total extinction two years ago of all political contact has given Japan the advantage of an open field for her own propaganda.

Japan continued to protest that her sole object in all these apparently aggressive moves was "peace along the Great Wall." To further this object, in November, 1935, she proposed a plan for the autonomy of five northern provinces: Hopei (excluding the demilitarised zone), Shantung, Shansi, Chahar, and Suiyang. (The demilitarised zone might, it was intimated, later join the coalition.) These five provinces, with the special municipal areas of Peiping, Tientsin, and Tsingtao, would form a loose federation, "friendly to Japan."

Mr. Yin Ju-keng, chairman of the East Hopei demilitarised zone, assisted the idea at once by declaring East Hopei an autonomous state. The Japanese military authorities followed up his move by announcing that henceforth no customs revenues from East Hopei would be sent to Nanking, thus identifying themselves with the "autonomy."

Chinese resistance, coupled with financial and political difficulties in Japan, thwarted the scheme for the autonomy of the five provinces, but since November 24, 1935, East Hopei has existed as a state independent of Nanking and under the dominance of Japan. Disregarding the Tangku Treaty, Japan established a garrison of 100 troops in Tungchow, capital of the East Hopei Autonomy, and later raised the number to 150. Chinese troops were withdrawn from Tangku, the port of Tientsin.

Besides these advantages to Japan the demands of November, 1935, brought about the entire reorganisation of the provincial government of the rest of Hopei. Officials whom the Japanese military did not like were removed and others more acceptable were installed in their places. It was with Japanese consent that General Sung Chehyuan, who has figured so largely in recent events, was appointed "Pacification Commissioner of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council" (which is not to be confused with East Hopei). With this recent history in mind, the present events become a logical sequence.

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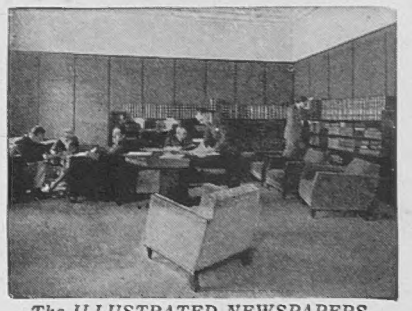

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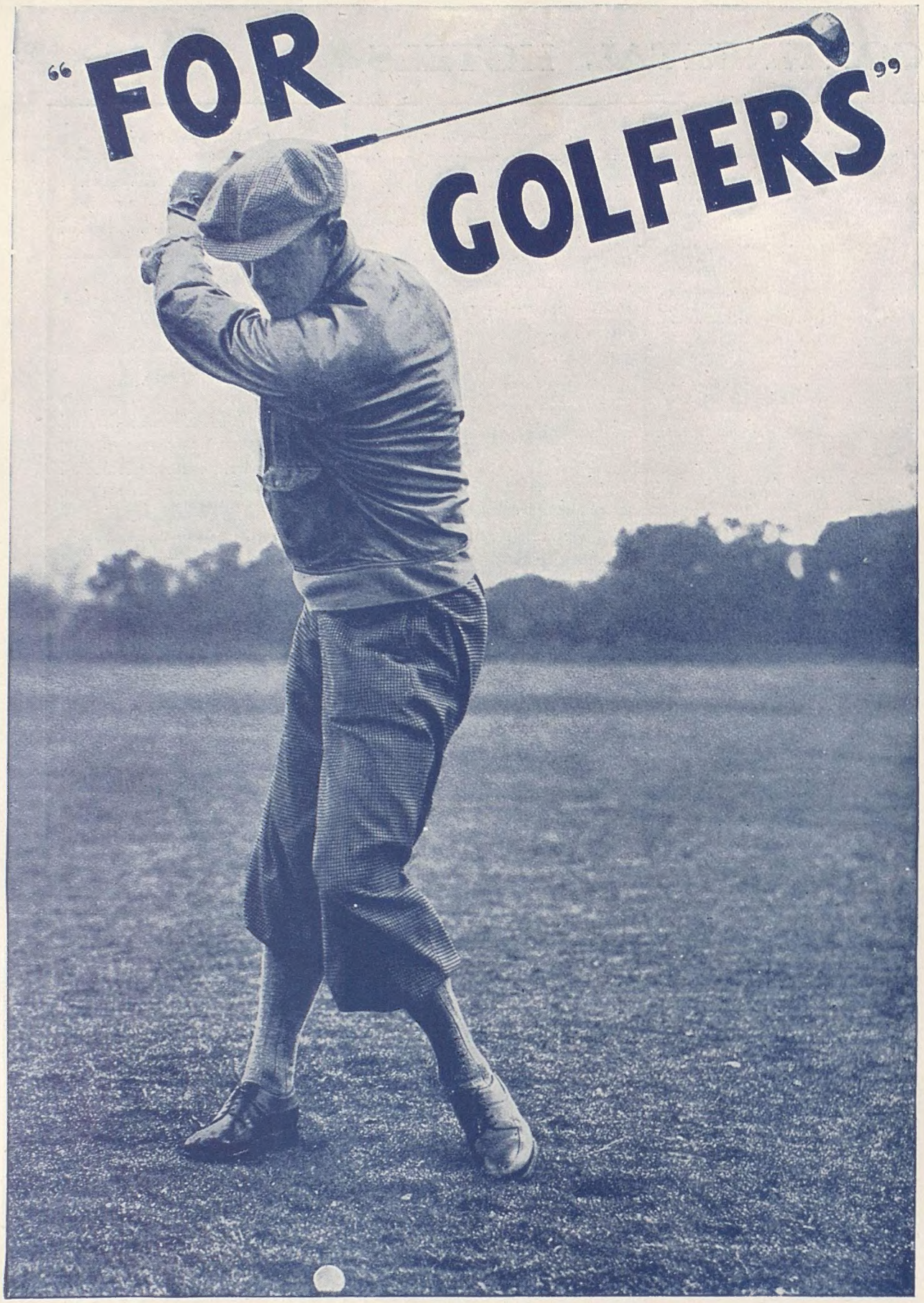

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